

Chapter 1: The Awakening

Harry groaned as he sat down staring at his Aunt's garden. Nodding in approval at the work he'd done on it he laid back on the ground and stretched out letting the sun shine down on him.

He was startled out of his rest by several rapid cracks near the road. He jumped to his feet and spun around, his wand flying into his hand, and froze momentarily as the 7 death eaters walked towards him. It wasn't the fact that they were death eaters that made him freeze; it was the only unmasked death eater in the front who smiled widely at him.

"Bellatrix" Harry spat out firing a reductor curse at her and ignoring the other 6 who rushed past him.

"Aww Harry! You're happy to see me! Such a warm reception." Bella spoke out in a baby tone while she tossed up a shield to block the curse.

"Bugger off you psycho." Harry growled while he fired several curses and rushed towards her.

"Language Harry." Bellatrix snapped in a scolding tone while she fired a crucio at him.

Harry was hit in the leg by the curse and screamed as his body convulsed. His wand dropped to the ground as his body crumbled. Bellatrix watched for a few seconds before she lifted the curse.

"Shall we continue our lesson from our last encounter love?" Bellatrix asked with a coy smile as she twirled her wand.

"Fuck you!" Harry spat as he reached for his wand.

Bellatrix snarled and cast a reductor at the wand before Harry was able to grab it. She smiled as he flinched at its destruction and turned a glare on her.

"Naughty baby potter. You shouldn't talk to Aunty Bella that way." She scolded with a babying tone.

Harry looked as if he was about to retort, but was cut off by a scream from inside the house and the sound of several explosions. He turned quickly and his eyes widened as he saw several green flashes amidst burning furniture. He growled as the death eaters filed out of the burning house laughing and mimicking the last actions of his Aunt and Uncle. He launched himself up at a surprised Bellatrix and tackled her to the ground. He bit into her shoulder as he tried to grab her wand.

She screamed in pain and frustration before she withdrew a dagger and drove it into Harry's shoulder. He yelled out and fell back gripping his shoulder as Bellatrix stood with the bloody dagger in one hand and her wand in the other. She had a mad look on her face and her eyes were wide and bloodshot. She pointed her wand at him and muttered 'crucio' and watched him writhe on the ground.

She cackled madly as she watched Harry twitch. She walked up as she held the curse and kicked him several times. As he was writhing she slammed her right foot onto his wounded shoulder and drove her heel into the wound. She grinned as he began to foam at the mouth. She lifted her foot up and prepared to slam it down again, but was thrown violently from Harry by a violet colored wave of magic. She landed roughly several feet away and quickly got to her feet and gasped at what she saw.

Harry stood in front of her with a dark look on his face. His clothes were waving slightly in a nonexistent wind but quickly moved more violently when a black aura erupted around Harry and swirled around him like a twister. His emerald eyes darkened and shifted from green to a dark amethyst. Small stones and loose grass in the yards surrounding No. 4 Privet Drive lifted several meters in the air wobbling slightly as dirt picked up to form small clouds near the ground.

Bella quickly cast another crucio at Harry only to gasp as he waved it aside as if it were nothing. She quickly found herself bound and lifted several feet off the ground staring at a menacing looking Harry.

"Naughty Aunty Bella. You shouldn't poke the beast. It might bite." Harry mocked in the same baby tone she had used.

The other 6 death eaters looked on in shock as Harry waved his left hand and Bellatrix's robes ignited and quickly burned away leaving her bared and burned. They cringed at her screams as the fire quickly burnt her robes away. Then they froze as Harry grinned in a way similar to Bellatrix at her maddest, and with a casual flick of his right wrist, Bellatrix's skin was ripped from her body. Her screams filled the air again as her skin fell to the ground near her.

Harry laughed as he looked at the screaming woman. Her muscles twitched from the pain as the flesh that hung from parts of her body flapped around with the twitching of the muscles and blood flowed down into a pool below her hovering body. Harry closed his eyes and listened to the screams of the woman with a grin.

He was pulled out of his listening by the other 6 death eaters casting spells at him. He growled as the spells reached 3 meters away from him and vanished into rippling air. Harry summoned more power and his black spinning aura grew as larger stones and potted plants lifted into the air and cracked as he bound the other 6 death eaters and lifted them off the ground. With a quick flick of his wrist he skinned them as well and let them fall to the ground screaming. He grinned at Bella and tossed her over with the other skinned death eaters as he looked up at the gathering storm clouds and let more of his power flow.

Albus Dumbledore sighed as he sat behind his desk at Hogwarts. He had just had a frustrating meeting with Cornelius Fudge and was ready to just hex the man into a goo.

He glanced at his phoenix and was startled to find it looked very agitated. He sat up straighter and turned to better face his phoenix.

"What has you agitated Fawkes?" Albus asked as he stood and moved towards the bird.

Before the bird could react one of Albus' instruments blew up drawing a gasp from him as he turned to it quickly. He paled when he saw which one it was and quickly fled his office. He Rushed past several surprised teachers and flew over the grounds. Once he was beyond the gates he apparated to No. 4 Privet Drive fearing what he'd find.

He arrived to feel himself pushed down by a dense concentration of magical energy. He looked around in surprise at several muggle automobiles floating off the ground, some dented or pulled apart in many pieces, as well as lawn furniture and lawn ornaments floating into the air. He was also assaulted by a violent storm that rained down a flood of water and car sized bolts of lightning around all of Surrey as the wind whipped around violently. He looked to No. 4 and paled. He rushed forward and found 7 bodies that made him glad he had already been to war. He was saddened to see No. 4 burned to the ground and as he moved closer to inspect the grounds he was startled by a voice.

"Finally decided to show up Headmaster? I'm honored, but I've already taken care of those petty terrorists and my relatives were nothing but scum so all is well." Harry said as he stepped into the yard from the street.

Dumbledore whipped around and paled as he saw Harry surrounded by the large black mist-like aura and felt his signature marking the heavy magical pressure that filled the air. He lifted his wand and silently cast a few compulsion charms while he pushed into Harry's mind with his legilimency in order to weaken Harry's mind as he began to speak.

"Harry, you need to calm down. This power of yours is at a level I've never seen before. You don't have the ability to control it. You need to come to Hogwarts so I can help you." Albus said as he moved forward.

Harry frowned as he felt the attacking magic trying to affect his mind. He waved his hand and caused Albus' attack to stop and threw him back several meters.

"From what I've seen I have no problem controlling this power. You seem to have no confidence in me Headmaster, that hurts." Harry said as he glared at the old man.

"You don't have control over this Harry. It's controlling you. The Harry I've grown to know over the years never would have never done what you did to those people, death eater or not. This power is controlling you Harry. I need to bind it again so that you can be properly trained

to control it."Albus said as he continued to cast compulsion charms and attack with legilimency.

Harry growled and banished the Headmaster back into a light pole and started pushing him up it.

"Again? You've bound my magic before! If I had this Cedric wouldn't have died in the graveyard! Sirius wouldn't have fallen through the veil! Hermione and the others wouldn't have been hurt in the Department of Mysteries! Why did you bind my power?" Harry shouted in anger as he drove the Headmaster to the top of the light pole. The force pushing the headmaster into the pole caused several cracks to be heard as his ribs were cracked or broken.

"Because Harry, this power is too much for you to control right now. You have to be older. It wasn't suppose to awaken until your seventeenth birthday! An attack during your childhood woke it early and it was too much for you to handle. You became violent and cold just as you are now. You must let me help you control this!" Albus yelled through the pain.

Harry growled in anger as the black aura around him grew denser. His hair shifted from black to an amethyst color matching his eyes as he glared at the Headmaster. He swung his right arm up and pushed his magic at Albus igniting his robes. Albus quickly put the fire out with his own magic and focused the rest into a shield around him that blocked Harry's magic from setting him on fire.

Harry growled in frustration as his attempts were stopped. He let loose more power and the ground shook as the storm intensified. Three houses around Harry were ripped from their foundation and lifted several feet into the air and began to slowly spin as the street cracked. Harry upped his effort to get through the Headmaster's barrier as several cracks sounded around him and two dozen Aurors arrived on the scene. They split up into three groups of eight surrounding Harry on his right, left, and behind. He ignored them for the moment as he focused on the Headmaster.

Albus saw the Aurors begin to attack and yelled at them to stop, but his calls were drowned out in the storm. He watched helplessly as the Auror's cast several spells that only vanished as they got within three

meters of Harry. The air rippled around him as his magic protected him. The Aurors continued to fire spells trying to get through to Harry without much success.

Harry growled as he grew annoyed with the Aurors and his aura grew denser and formed into a serpentine dragon that wound its way around him with its head a meter above his own. It was made up of a black mist that had black flames flowing on the inside and black lightning crackling around its body. He watched in surprise as his magic started pulling a nearby floating car apart atom by atom. He focused on that aspect of his magic and the information flooded into his mind as his magic reacted to his desire to learn what was happening. He grinned as he realized he could vanish the cohesion of objects and pull them apart at an atomic level. He turned back to the Headmaster and focused on that ability and grinned as the Headmaster's left sleeve broke apart into tiny pieces that blew away in the wind. He focused on the bare arm and grinned madly as the skin began breaking apart followed by the muscle and bones. In less than a minute Albus' left arm was blown away into the wind as nothing but tiny groups of atoms. He let Albus fall to the ground with a crunch as he turned towards the Aurors to his right and smiled as they backed up in fear.

Harry gathered his magic into a black sphere and launched it at them. It crashed into the middle of the group of eight and blew a shock wave out that flung the Aurors away violently. Several crashed into floating cars with sickening crunches while others crashed through houses. He grinned and turned to those at his left and lifted his arm. A bolt of lightning trailed across the sky and slammed into the group frying several while blowing the others away with severe burns.

Dumbledore looked on with sadness as Harry destroyed the Aurors. He looked at his left side and groaned. Quickly looking back at Harry he made a silent promise that he would find a way to help Harry control himself.

Harry grinned and spread his arms out. He spun around quickly and began picking up speed. The air flowed with him as he focused his magic to his arms. As he made a pass at the shocked Aurors behind him he let his magic go. It formed a large black spinning chakram that

rushed at the remaining eight. Before they could react the chakram hit them and ripped them apart. Harry laughed as he looked at their fallen bodies.

“You should have taken the hint when your spells didn't get to me. I'm above the level of simple Aurors. You should have run.” Harry said in a condescending tone.

Harry turned quickly and glared at the old man. He made eye contact and violently assaulted the Headmaster's mind with legilimency. He began rapidly flashing through the memories in the old man's head.

Dumbledore groaned as his mind was assaulted. He could tell Harry was searching for something, but the pace Harry was going was too fast for him to follow. The memories being pulled up were a blur as he struggled to stop the attack. Just as he felt his mind was going to break apart the attack stopped. He slumped to the ground and watched through blurry eyes as the wind picked up around Harry and lifted him off the ground. He watched in surprise as Harry flew off rapidly into the distance using nothing but his magic and the wind. With the last of his strength he activated a portkey and vanished from the chaos of Privet Drive as everything that had been floating in the air came crashing down.

Chapter 2: Secrets Revealed

Albus Dumbledore groaned as he awoke. He felt as though he'd lost a fist fight with Hagrid. He heard gasps and quiet talking around him accompanied by the sound of feet rushing away from him. He opened his tired eyes to several blurry figures and struggled to sit up, but was stopped by a strong hand pushing him back. Before he could respond his glasses were placed on his face and the blurry figures became clear. He smiled as he looked at the worried faces of Poppy Pomfrey, Minerva McGonagall, Arthur Weasley, and Remus Lupin.

"Hello my friends. If I'm correct I'm in St. Mungo's am I not?" Albus asked rather jovially.

"Albus what in the world happened out there? The ministry is in chaos with the reports coming in from what happened yesterday, but nobody but the higher ups know what's going on. You nearly gave Molly a heart attack when you appeared at you-know-where beaten up and missing your left arm." Arthur questioned while looking intently at Albus.

"Oh that's right, my left arm is gone. Shame that, I was rather fond of it." Albus said while looking at his bandaged left side forlornly.

"Albus!" Minerva scolded quietly.

"Yes yes of course, forgive an old man's wandering mind." Albus chuckled as he straightened his glasses with his right hand.

"Well, will you tell us what happened already?" Remus asked impatiently.

"Of course, but not now. Minerva please call an order meeting tonight. Allow all the Weasley children and miss Granger to attend as well. I'm afraid we must now explain the history of a certain dragon we both know." Albus said somberly as Minerva paled.

"Don't tell me it's come out again. You bound it! It shouldn't be released until he is seventeen and able to properly control it!" Minerva said with a panicked voice.

"I'm afraid that is the fault of plans. They do not always go as they are meant to. Only how the fates wish them to go." Albus said with a slight tone of annoyance.

"What are you two talking about?" Arthur asked rather bothered about not knowing what was going on.

"All in due time Arthur. Now as you said I gave Molly quite a fright yesterday. Would you please extend my apologies to her before tonight's meeting?" Albus asked with a smile.

Arthur frowned at the obvious dismissal, but nodded as he left as the nurse came in followed by Tonks.

"Mr. Dumbledore, you're recovered as much as we can get you. Your bones are mended and the bleeding stopped so you should be able to leave whenever you're ready." The nurse said as she finished checking him over.

With a quick smile and a nod she strolled from the room with the discharge papers to be delivered to the front.

Remus and Tonks had left shortly after Arthur and Minerva had followed after a few whispered words with Albus as the nurse checked him over. Albus was looking at the wall and pondering on how he was going to help Harry gain back control of the dragon. He was pulled out of his thoughts as a cursing nurse ran by his door towards a loud commotion that had broken out further into the spell damage area.

With a sigh Albus hopped up and grabbed his wand. He looked down at his left side and with a look of concentration, he pointed his wand at it and began murmuring a spell. Slowly a stream of liquid metal flew from his wand and attached to his shoulder and side where his arm would normally meet his upper body. The liquid metal span like it was in a mixer as it widened out and stretched longer, slowly forming an arm. As he finished forming the arm he waved his wand and with a quick flick the metal solidified and he flexed the metal hand. With a smile and nod he transfigured the hospital robes into his casual wear and strolled from the room whistling the tune to a weird sisters song.

Hermione sighed in impatience as she sat with the rest of the order waiting for Dumbledore's arrival. She'd been feeling unusually anxious since the previous day and was wondering if it had anything to do with what Dumbledore called the meeting about. It had to be big because they were allowing the kids to attend, though she was curious why Harry wasn't there. Her thoughts froze, *'what if something happened to Harry?'* Her body seemed to seize up and she was having trouble breathing. *'Hurry up damn it, I want to know if Harry's OK.'* She snapped in her mind.

She was saved any further mental complaints when the door opened and Dumbledore walked in. Hermione took immediate notice of his metal arm, as did several others. She was curious about what happened, but figured it would be explained during the meeting. She sat back and waited for the Headmaster to start the meeting.

Dumbledore greeted a few people, innocently ignoring the questions about his arm, and slowly worked his way to the front. He waited for everyone to quiet down as he caught Hermione's eye and noticed her anxious manner. *'Does she know something about what happened? Couldn't be..'* His thoughts trailed off as the last person sat the steeled himself for telling a long hidden secret.

"Thank you all for coming. There have been some unexpected and unfortunate events occurring recently and I have been pushed into a position where in order to explain what happened yesterday, and why I have a shiny new arm, I must confide in you all a secret that has been kept from all but three individuals for roughly the past nine years." Albus said amongst curious murmurs from everyone.

"Why isn't Harry here Professor? If you're letting the minors attend this meeting why isn't he here?" Hermione asked from the back, not caring about whether or not it was polite to ask questions in the middle of the meeting.

"You should hold your tongue Miss Granger. Why the Headmaster allowed you hard headed children to attend this meeting is beyond me, but you should know your place and stay silent." Severus Snape said with a sneer.

Her recent bout of anxiety, her years of verbal abuse by the rude Head of Slytherin, and his indifference at the death of Sirius and the pain it caused Harry finally snapped a cord in her, and her eyes narrowed and her lips curled in a snarl.

"I don't believe I was speaking to you Snivellus." Hermione snapped oblivious of the gasps around her and the gaping mouths of the Weasley children.

"You should show more respect to a Professor Miss Granger." Snape ground out, his face a picture of growing rage.

"We're not in school you greasy prat. In fact we're in Harry's house, so if I want to question why he isn't here I will. You should learn to speak to others with a little respect, I'm sick and tired of listening to the bugging bigoted rubbish that spills out of your mouth. It's no wonder the marauders hated you, you bloody ass. You're a greasy weasel, I'll show Lucius Malfoy respect before I even contemplate respecting a petty, jealous, slimy git like you" Hermione spit out in a rant that had everyone looking at in shock and the Weasley twins looking at her like she was the Queen.

"ENOUGH!" Albus shouted, annoyed at the arguments.

As the commotion caused by the shocking verbal spar died down Albus turned to Hermione.

"Harry isn't here because what I have to tell you, both the secret and the events of yesterday, involve him. You will understand by the time I'm finished." Dumbledore told her and looked back at the rest of the order preparing to reveal a long kept secret.

Hermione understood Dumbledore's answer, but she grew more anxious as she realized her nervousness may very well be related to whatever it was that happened yesterday, and that it involved Harry. *'Harry, Please be OK.'* She thought as she bit her bottom lip.

"There were events that happened when Harry was seven. Many of you may remember a massacre of the Auror force around November of 1987. This was blamed on a Death Eater attack, but that is only a half truth. It was the result of a power Harry possesses.

“Now some of the more history inclined of us know about the old ways of measuring a witch or wizard's power. There is a scale with 9 points on it. Now to give you an image of what the represent I will give you examples. A class 1 is a squib or a very weak witch or wizard. A scale 2 is a normal child and a normal student just starting their schooling at Hogwarts. A class 3 is the average witch or wizard after graduating Hogwarts. A class 4 can be thought of as a basic battle trained witch or wizard. Most aurors are class 4's. A class 5 can be thought of as someone with a lot of power, usually in a specific field. For example Minerva is a class 5 because she is a specialist with transfiguration and has a large magical core to back up her talents. Myself am ranked at a Class 6. A class 6 has what can be considered as an elite level of power. A class 6 witch or wizard is difficult for anyone below that class to win a fight against. Even a class 6 who isn't a fighter, and there are many natural class 6's around the world who are simply house wives or have small jobs that aren't note worthy would be hard to beat for several average aurors at once. Lord Voldemort is an upper class 7, but his power isn't his own. He isn't a natural class 7. He gained his power through black magic and dark rituals. It is rare these days for someone to be born with power above a Class 6, so there are not many people who can rival Voldemort's power. I get by in the battles we've fought by experience alone. Now the best example I can give you of a class 8 is Merlin. He was a class 8. Now something rare about witches and wizards that are class 8 or 9 is that their magical aura's adapt to a creature that resembles the characteristics of the witch or wizard. Another few examples are the Hogwart's founders. They were all lower class 8's. Their auras represent the mascots of the Hogwarts houses. Their auras would shape into a lion, raven, badger, and a serpent. Before the summer of 1980 there had never been a recorded witch or wizard having grown, or being born a class 9. It is a legend that a witch or wizard of a Class 9 would have limitless power and that the form their auras took would represent powerful beasts and be enormous. Now any of you who know Harry well will have caught on to what I'm about to reveal, as I see Miss Granger has.” Dumbledore cut off as everyone gave a quick look at a pale, wide eyed Hermione before returning their attention to Dubmledore.

“When Harry was born he was measured by myself in relation to a prophecy. I had the device i was using set to a class 8 marking and

when I tested him the device I used reacted violently and exploded. This led me to believe he may have actually been a class 9. I had no proof as he didn't show abnormal magical talents as a baby. It wasn't until November when he was 7 that I learned he really was a class 9." Dumbledore said, and as many looked at him in shock, Hermione's breath caught in her throat, and Snape snorted in disagreement, He began to tell a secret that had been kept for about 9 years.

November 1987

A seven year old Harry Potter was playing by himself in a park near his Aunt and Uncle's house. His cousin had scared everyone else off and had laughed at him being alone before he and his friends wandered away. As he was playing he noticed ten people in odd looking black robes moving towards him with sticks in their hands. He heard one of them say something and the next thing he knew he was in extreme pain, worse than any beating Dudley and his friends ever gave him.

Artemis Angles was enjoying torturing The-Boy-Who-Lived. He hadn't been a very important death eater, but he had been good at what he did. He procured many things the Dark Lord needed. Cursed objects, rare objects, ritual ingredients, rare dark arts books, and more. Anyone could've done his job, which was why he wasn't all that important, but he had spent years making connections so that he'd be more valuable. He had connections within the Ministry, Within the Order (though they didn't know he was connected to the Dark Lord), and connections among the many businesses of wizarding Britain, and the wizarding world on the continent.

It had all gone down the tube when the little boy who was currently screaming his lungs out vanquished his Lord. His purpose was erased and many of his connections in the underworld wouldn't go near him. Then he'd been accused of being a Death Eater by a fellow Death Eater trying to get a lesser sentence. A few thousand galleons and he was found innocent, but he was still furious. The simple matter of being accused of being a Death Eater caused his connections in the legitimate parts of the wizarding world to shun him and it was all this little brats fault! He'd seen him in the park as he was moving by, looking for a rare bird he'd been hunting for a client in

his job as a procurer of goods. He'd quickly gone and gathered a few of his fellow Death Eaters he still kept in touch with and the ten of them had placed silencing charms around the park and a few wards up to prevent detection and he cast a crucio on the little brat.

Harry had never experienced pain to this extent. He didn't understand why these weirdly dressed people were taking turns hurting him. He'd never done anything wrong yet everyone hurt him: His Uncle, his Aunt, his cousin, his cousin's friends. For some reason they all took pleasure in hurting him, though he never did a thing to them, and now these black clothed people were enjoying his torment as well. Something began to well up in him, something that he would learn later was rage. He vaguely took notice of the pain stopping and the ten people backing away from him. He felt himself let out an beast-like roar and then he blacked out.

The ten Death Eaters looked on in horror as Harry's body was covered in a black mist and the crucio that was torturing him lifted and its caster was tossed several meters away. They watched as he stood shakily at first, but then stood confidently. His hair shifting to an amethyst color as his eyes quickly followed. The black aura that was flooding power greater than they had ever felt formed into a serpentine dragon that wrapped around the young boy's body. The ten began backing up in fright but were stopped quickly by a heavy concentration of magic that pushed them down towards the earth.

Harry's arms were covered in black mist that slid down his arms and his hands were outlined with large claws. Both he and the dragon were growling as they looked at the ten fools that had attacked them. No longer would they be put down by others and hurt for the amusement of others. Their power would be feared. With an earth shaking animalistic roar he leaped forward at inhuman speeds and slashed two of the ten across the chest with his claws. The other eight used all their power to scatter away under the intense concentration of magic pushing them down. They watched in horror as the two who had been slashed across the chest began decaying from the cuts on their bodies. Their flesh rotted away to reveal muscle which rotted away to reveal organs, veins, and bone. In less than a minute they were rotted corpses in tattered robes. The dragon around

Harry let out a snort of mist as black fire swam within the mist and black lightning crackled around its form.

The remaining eight death eaters tried to move away, but they could not run or apparate. They came to realize why the Dark Lord fell when he tried to kill this child. They looked up as a clap of thunder sounded and were shocked to find the sky filled with dark gray clouds. A strong storm was gathering over the town they were in and it was roaring in its fury. Large bolts of lightning were slamming down everywhere and trailing across the ground for seconds at a time leaving streams of damage in its wake. Rain poured down like an ocean while the wind whipped violently around ripping trees from their rooted homes and roofs from the houses nearby.

Harry turned slowly, his mind blank as the dragon controlled. He grinned madly as he took slow steps towards three death eaters who immediately tried to back up. He threw out his right hand and the mist claw extended and grew as it closed in on the fearful Death Eaters. The large claw picked all three up off the ground and as Harry closed his hand the mist claw did the same. The three Death Eaters fell to the ground in pieces that quickly rotted away like the two before them. The mist claw withdrew to Harry's body and he smiled as he turned to the last five and lifted his left hand. The rain that poured down in a flood suddenly turned and they all pounded onto the five struggling Death Eaters. Harry smiled as the water pounded onto the five men and then waves his left hand in a circle. The hundreds of drops of rain suddenly froze into hundreds of shards of ice that dug deeply into the five Death Eaters drawing screams as their bodies were impaled all over.

Harry, or the dragon who was in control, grinned as he took in the carnage. The fools thought they could get away with harming him. He'd put up with enough of that. Now there were three more to take care of before he could be free. He turned and was about to return to his 'home', but was cut off as over thirty people appeared dressed in clothes similar to the first ten but in a few different colors, red dominating the numbers, the others wore blue or black but different from the first ten. He caught on an old man who was dressed in ridiculous bright purple robes that looked like a picture of Merlin he had once seen. The old man looked to be talking to the group, but the

ones in red seemed to ignore him as they spread out around him in a circle and lifted sticks at similar to the first ten. The sight of the items used to torture him shortly before angered him and his amethyst eyes narrowed and began to softly glow.

Harry stood silently as one of the ones in red shouted some nonsense and the entire group of about thirty-eight fired attacks out of their sticks. They came in a various number of colors, shapes, and sizes. None matched the clear waver the torture attack had, but he was angered none the less. He smirked in amusement as the ones in red stepped back fearfully as their attacks hit his magic aura three meters away from him and vanished as the air rippled like water. They fired again, but got the same results. Harry's smirk vanished and he decided he had enough fun watching them fire attacks at him. He let the mist cover his arms and form claws again and he threw both his arms out extending his claws as he had before. They each grabbed two red robed people and cut them to rotting pieces. He swung his arms out around him catching 6 more that were shred apart to rotting pieces before he withdrew the claws.

He smirked again as he watched the surrounding people's faces fill with fear and terror. He lifted his left hand to a ground in front of him and the wind whipped up violently. Ten were caught in a whirlwind of razer sharp wind and were shred like meat in a grinder. The horror in the faces of those left rose as the grass in the park was littered with a mist of blood as the rain poured down around them and lightning crackled. He smiled and lifted his right hand. A ten meter wide bolt of lightning streaked across the sky and slammed into a group of eight and fried them to a crisp and left a small crater where it hit.

Harry turned to the final remaining ten red robed figures. He crouches slightly and swung his right arm in front of him and then his left. Both swings let loose two streams of burning black fire that plowed through the ten red robed figures like they were butter. They fell to the ground in two pieces; both parts burning to ash courtesy of the black fire. Harry let loose a chuckles as he looked at a grim faced old man in purple robes, a slightly green faced black haired woman, and a gray haired man with a curious look on his face. The old man said something and began moving forward. Shortly after a white sphere sprung up around him as he moved towards Harry. The dragon took

this as a challenge and threw a mist claw forward. It stopped at the white barrier and gripped it tightly. It failed to break through and with a growl of frustration withdrew.

Dumbledore was thanking the gods that he had delved into the rarely thought of group arts. The art of more than one witch or wizard of similar power focusing on one long lasting spell to strengthen it. It use to be used for rituals and permanent warding. The founders had been famous for their use of it, well three at least. They used group combat tactics to overwhelm the forces of Salazar. Dumbledore had shared his findings in the group arts with the two people he brought with him. Nicholas Flamel, famous for his alchemy work, secret head of the Department of Mysteries, and the oldest man alive. As well as Minerva McGonagall, his long time coworker and friend. Nicholas was a class 6 as he was, and Minerva was a class 5. Together they aided in keeping up the white magic shield that kept out spells and solid objects as Dumdledore pushed towards the fury filled child.

Harry growled as his continued attacks were unable to break the white sphere. He threw hundreds of ice shards at him, streams of black flame and lightning, and kept up a constant force of razer wind, but nothing made it through and soon the old man was breaking his three meter barrier and looking at him with a determined expression. Before he could react the white sphere vanished and he heard three voices say Stupefy, but saw only one large red light shoot out of the stick in the old man's hand and hit him. He knew a few moments of shocked pain before he blacked out. The raging weather around the park quickly spread away and the two remaining joined Dumbledore who was waving his wand intricately around the boy.

"Albus that was horrible, what has happened to the dear boy?" Minerva asked in a shock filled voice.

"I believe my original thoughts were correct. Harry is a class 9 and the attack by those Death Eaters on the other side of the park seems to have awakened his power." Albus said as Nicholas bent down and waved his wand over the unconscious boy.

"What will we do?" Nicholas asked as he looked around at the carnage.

“Cover it up. Nobody can know what has happened. I've erased Harry's memory of this afternoon and bound his powers down to an average wizards. His true power shouldn't have awoken until his seventeenth birthday. He won't be able to control it till then. His powers should hold behind the bind until then. Then he'll be trained on how to use it without succumbing to his power's urge for use and battle. Merlin's journals often spoke of his power's yearning for battle. It seems with the higher classed wizards and witches they feel a certain compulsion to battle. I suppose that's why most are fighters. Anyways we blame the deaths of the aurors on the Death Eaters and play off the surge of magical energy as a ritual that was an attempt at reviving Voldemort. We never speak of this again until it is revealed to Harry. Nicholas, work on finding a way to make sure his power doesn't break free. Minerva, please return to the Ministry and report our story.” Albus finished as he stood.

The black haired woman nodded, took a quick glance at the boy and vanished with a crack. Albus looked down at the boy and shook his head. Picking him up he nodded to Nicholas and moved towards Privet Drive.

Present

The order was shocked into silence as they learned the truth about Harry's power. As Dumbledore finished telling the tale of the past and the events of the previous day the order was quiet as they were lost in their thoughts. Silence reigned for several minutes before Dumbledore spoke again.

“We need to find a way to bring Harry back in and bind his powers so that he can be brought back to his senses. He is not himself, his power is influencing him. He must be brought back under control or it could spell disaster for the world.” Dumbledore said gravely.

As the order erupted in to talks and arguments about what to do, nobody noticed Hermione slip out the doors and lean against the mantle near the fireplace. Tears fell down her cheeks and she hugged herself. She glanced over to a chair Harry had often used during their previous summer in the house.

“Things can never be easy for you, can they Harry? It's not enough that you're the target of the darkest lord in existence, you have to be filled with a power you can't control properly, and you're alone.” Hermione said the last bit with a sad sob.

Slowly her tears stopped and her face turned from sad to determined as she thought back to just before the end of the school year after Sirius died. Harry had mentioned how he wanted to see where his parents were buried. Nobody had ever told him and he had never really asked more than once. *'The information he searched for in Dumbledore's mind was his parent's burial place! Of course! Dumbledore would know, and Harry would never have read the books about him and his parents so he never would've known it was common knowledge. He might still be there.'* Hermione thought rapidly. As she finished her thoughts she smiled and nodded. Grabbing floo powder and tossing it into the fire she whispered “The Burrow” and vanished into green flames.

As she arrived at The Burrow she rushed out to their shed. She grabbed a broom and set off in the direction of Godric's Hollow. The property of the Potter Family and the location of the Potter Graveyard.

She arrived at the still damaged house and set the broom against the front wall. She moved slowly through the house where the potters had been killed and called Harry's name, but got no answer. She moved through the house and out the back to find a small field. She moved across it until she found a fence and a gate. She move through the open gate and smiled as she saw a silhouette towards a corner near the front. She moved over quickly and stopped ten feet away leaning against a large headstone.

“You would be the one to find me.” Harry said with a slight hint of amusement and affection in his voice.

Hermione smiled as she replied, “I do know you best Harry.”

“How did you know to find me here?” Harry asked curiously without looked at her.

“The Headmaster told everyone in the order what happened. He let us *children* attend because it involved the secret about your power.

Congratulations by the way, according to Professor Dumbledore you're the most powerful wizard alive. Another point in fate's basket of 'Reasons Harry Potter will never be normal'." Hermione said with a smile and earning a chuckle from Harry.

"Anyways, He told us you had searched his mind for something, but he couldn't keep up to find out what. I remembered that you had said you wanted to see where your parents were buried and that you never would have read the books about you and your family written after your parents died, it was really the only thing that would make sense in regards to searching the Headmaster's mind." Hermione said with a grin.

"You never cease to amaze me." Harry said with a tone of affection that caused Hermione to blush.

"How've you been?" she asked with a soft tone.

"OK I guess. This power is a little overwhelming, but I got to kill Bellatrix. I have a feeling Fudge will be glad to use this as a reason to have me thrown in Azkaban, but I'll laugh in his face if he tries. This power should make it easy enough to kill Voldemort." Harry said as he turned towards her and leaned against a nearby tree.

"Power corrupts Harry." Hermione said warningly

"I'm fine Hermione. I'm prophesied to kill Voldemort and that's what I'm going to do. If I have to kill some people to get from here to there, so be it." Harry said with steel in his voice.

"My Harry wouldn't talk about killing so casually. You're not as in control as you think." Hermione said with a frown.

"I cast the cruciatus on Bellatrix at the Ministry." Harry said suddenly.

Hermione's eyes widened in surprise before her face turned steely.

"She deserved it." Hermione spat out.

Harry raised an eyebrow in surprise and smirked.

“Got a dark side there Hermione?” Harry asked with a grin.

“Everyone does Harry. It's all about control. Sure I could curse Malfoy into a bloody goo and smear him on a wall for calling me a mudblood, but that would be pointless. It'd get me nowhere except thrown into Azkaban. I control my dark side, others either do the same, don't have a strong dark side, or let it loose.” Hermione said casually.

Harry laughed a bit at her mention of cursing Malfoy and raised an eyebrow at the surprising revelation of Hermione's dark side. With a shake of his head he let loose another chuckle.

“Your dark side is strong though. With your past filled with anger and rage your power is feeding on it and influencing you. You need to come back to Headquarters so the Headmaster can help you regain control. If you learn to properly use your power you could end this battle of good versus evil for good. Please Harry, Come back and let us help you control your power.” Hermione pleaded as she moved towards the boy.

Harry's hair shifted to amethyst as his eyes followed suit. He let out a growl as he advanced to the now nervous girl.

“I have this power under control.” He ground out.

Hermione steeled herself and with her shoulders squared she glared at him.

“No you don't and you know it. You're out of control” She said firmly.

“I'm not out of control!” Harry shouted and waved his arm violently at Hermione, but froze halfway through with his eyes wide.

Hermione squeaked as she was hit with the backlash of the canceled curse and she was thrown back a few feet, tripping over a headstone and falling on her bum. She looked up at Harry with wide surprised eyes. *'He stopped himself from cursing me'* she thought in wonder.

Harry's wide eyes narrowed and he stood straight while glaring at her. Without a word he turned away from her, conjured two flowers and

laid them on his parents graves, kissed the two headstones, and with a whirl of wind he was flying away rapidly.

Hermione bit her lip as tears fell from her eyes. She shook her head in frustration as she worked her way back towards the house. She moved through it silently and got back on the broom. She flew back to The Burrow and set the broom back up. She went to the fireplace and flooed back to Headquarters.

She arrived to a bunch of frantic activity that was halted when she arrived through the green flames. She was bombarded with questions but waved them off in a subdued manner and moved towards the meeting room. After telling Snape to sod off when he said something about 'Know it alls gallivanting without thinking of others.' She approached the Headmaster and asked to speak privately. After he dismissed the remaining members in the room and shut the door, she relayed what happened at Godric's Hollow, ignoring the annoying twinkle when she relayed their conversation, and sat back as she waited for him to respond.

"You seem to be the only person he won't hurt. You may be the key to helping him control his power." Dumbledore said as he twirled his beard.

"I guess so." Hermione said somberly.

"Well we'll figure this out later I'm sure. Why don't you go get some rest. We'll do everything we can to save him." Dumbledore said with a smile.

Hermione forced a smile and nodded. She moved towards her room passing Ron's she heard him talking.

"Do you think with the way he is with his power he'll go dark and join you-know-who?" Ron asked curiously.

"No way. He'd never join that freak you prat. You better not do what you did during the tournament." Ginny said with a growl.

"She's right Ronniekins. You're so fickle. Just like mum. Harry wouldn't join V-Voldemort. He's just moody. It's that time of the month for him, I'm sure of it." Fred said.

"Fred!" Ginny shouted in anger followed by the sound of a punch.

"Hey now I'm George, If you want to hit Fred, then hit him." Fred said pointing at his twin.

"You're both insane." Ginny ground out in annoyance.

"There's no way he can be anything but dark though. Everything he's done is dark magic. He skinned those Death Eaters and killed all the aurors. That just yells evil." Ron said as if it ended all doubts.

Hermione slammed the door open with a bang and a glare in her eyes. Fred and George leaped away with a yelp and Ginny backed away with wide eyes as she felt an odd sensation of magic flooding the room. Phineas Nigellus Black watched on silently from his portrait, a smirk of amusement on his face.

Hermione walked up and slapped Ron in the face. Everyone's eyes widened as Ron was sent careening into the wall several meters away. Hermione had a light orange aura around her as her eyes burned with rage.

"You disgusting, fickle, back stabbing git. After everything Harry has done for you, you just turn on him again. You are no better than Percy. You are a fool." Hermione ranted in a rage, her body shaking.

"Hermione, calm down." Ginny whispered moving close and tentatively touching the brunette's back.

Hermione glared at Ron, but was slowly calming down as Ginny rubbed her back and told her to ignore the stupid git.

With a final glare at Ron who was still recovering from his surprise trip to the wall, she turned and stormed out to her and Ginny's room and slammed the door.

Ginny scowled at Ron before turning to two surprised Twins.

“Did you see her glow?” Ginny asked curiously.

“Yeah, I think our braniac...”

“...Has got a lot of hidden power...”

“...Lets make sure we don't...”

“...get on her bad side.” The twins finished as they and Ginny nodded before filing out of the room leaving a still recovering and bruised Ron.

As Hermione went to bed that night her mind was filled with images of rage filled amethyst eyes, and flowing amethyst hair.

Before she fell asleep she whispered, “Harry, please come back to me.”

Chapter 3: 60,000,000 Galleon Man

The Savior Turned Slaughterer

By: Rita Skeeter

Late yesterday evening The Minister had a press conference relating to all the fuss that has been going on in the ministry for the past 48 hours. What he revealed was shocking, but not unexpected if you've kept up with our articles about Harry Potter, the supposed savior of the magical world.

Apparently two days ago Harry Potter had some sort of break down while at home with his Aunt and Uncle. We were told there was an argument about something and that Mr. Potter snapped. He killed his Aunt and Uncle and then set their house on fire. The magic done by an underage wizard, as well as the magic being done in a muggle neighborhood, alerted the Auror department to the disturbance. When they arrived Harry Potter used his knowledge of the area as well as dark magic to kill the Aurors. The condition the bodies were in were far worse than anything He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named did during his reign of power before being taken down. This leaves us with the fear of a new dark lord rising to power. It was even rumored he injured Albus Dumbledore when the Headmaster arrived at the scene to try to take Mr. Potter into hiding from the Ministry.

At the end of the Press Conference the Minister places a rather large bounty on Mr. Potter's head; 60,000,000 Galleons to be precise. This is the third largest bounty recorded for the last century. It's under only the 300,000,000 Galleon bounty of Lord Voldemort when he was alive, and the 150,000,000 Galleon bounty on the Scarlet witch. For more details on the bounty please see the newly added 'BOUNTY' section on page 13. There are also more extensive articles in the International Magical News.

You may remember many of our articles this past year dealt with Mr. Potter's past and much of it pointed to him being dark, but people such as Albus Dumbledore refused to acknowledge such things. This makes you wonder what other things we are unaware of the Headmaster may have covered up.

This paper would also like to bring attention to Mr. Potter's best friend, Miss Hermione Granger. It is rumored they are romantically involved and that she has been the brains behind Mr. Potter's plots all these years. We gathered information from various sources saying that when finding out Mr. Potter was a parselmouth Miss Granger spent a lot of time in the library of Hogwarts researching the Chamber of Secrets and discovered that there was a basilisk in said Chamber. Everyone will remember the incident I'm sure, of students being petrified. We have strong reason to believe it was Miss Granger and Mr. Potter who let the basilisk loose, and Mr. Potter's being a parselmouth allowed him to control the beast. Miss Granger was purposefully petrified to lay blame else were but I'm sure we all know the truth of the matter. When things became too heated they backed off, but we must wonder what happened to this basilisk? And are our kids safe from the beast?

We also have proof from a teacher at Hogwarts and the Minister himself that both Mr. Potter and Miss Granger helped Sirius Black escape Ministry custody and continuously kept the Ministry from finding him. They were adamant about him being innocent, but this paper wonders if they weren't just trying to recruit Mr. Black for when they made their move as Dark Lord and Lady.

We all remember the end of Mr. Potter's fourth year when he claimed He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named returned. We wonder why he was never brought up on charges for the murder of Mr. Diggory. It was quite obvious Mr. Potter killed him in order to win the tournament and acquire more fame and acknowledgment.

We also learned from sources within Hogwarts that it was Miss Granger who planned the attempted murder of Delores Umbridge, Undersecretary to the Minister. Miss Umbridge was very outspoken with her opinion of Mr. Potter and as his lover Miss Granger became vindictive. She encouraged Harry to start an illegal defense club, to teach Defense Against the Dark Arts, claiming Miss Umbridge was a horrid teacher, even though she was teaching by Ministry standards. We have reason to believe the Defense club was really an attempt to acquire followers and teach them dark spells. We do not know what really went on in there, as nobody has been willing to speak of it, but we at the Prophet are quite sure it was an attempt at gaining

followers by the Dark Lord Potter and His Dark Lady. It was at the end of the year in which Miss Granger lured Miss Umbridge to the forbidden forest where she had the centaurs, who Harry Potter is known to have frequent contact with, take her away and torture her. It was only by the quick acting of Ministry Personnel that she was rescued.

This paper is curious as to why they are only hunting Mr. Potter when there is an ocean of proof that Miss Granger has been a long standing accomplice of Mr. Potter. The reporters at The Daily Prophet urge the Ministry to do its duty and arrest Miss Granger before she is able to help Mr. Potter plan more attacks on the Magical world and its children.

Hermione Granger growled loudly at the breakfast table and threw the paper away muttering about insects and rolled up papers. Her mutterings caused raised eyebrows from those present. She just motioned to the paper in which they each read.

“Wow, they're really campaigning against you and Harry.” Tonks said with a raised eyebrow.

Remus nodded in ascent as he read the paper and tossed it to the Weasleys on the other side of the table.

“They can't really do anything to you, I think it's more of an attack on Harry. It's a well known fact that you're his closest friend. There are some who say it would be Ron, but well there are those of us who know other wise.” Remus said with a scowl at Ron who was oblivious.

“I wish I could get that bounty. I wouldn't have to work a day in my life.” Ron said with a sigh.

Hermoine growled again and she had a faint glow to her right arm and smacked Ron across the face. The power in the slap sent the fickle red head slamming into a cabinet to get stuck under the sink.

“You're pathetic Ronald. You're a petty, envious prat and I'm going to make sure Harry doesn't forgive you this time. I told him not to forgive you last time, but he wanted to. He wanted you to apologize so you could be friends again. I told him if you were a true friend you'd have

never turned on him in the first place. I'll make sure he doesn't forgive this time. Your world is despicable. You're all nothing but sheep. Follow what the papers are saying and the crowds are doing. It's no wonder the Muggles have advanced so far past you." Hermione ranted before she stormed out of the kitchen, throwing the door off its hinges and into the wall, waking the screaming portrait of Mrs. Black.

Those in the Kitchen were a bit startled by what they heard.

"MUDBLOOD FILTH! LEAVE MY HOME! DON'T DIRTY MY HOUSE WITH YOUR PRESENCE. BE GONE WITH YOUR FILTHLY WAYS! STOP CORRUPTING OUR WORLD! YOU DON'T BELONG YOU FILTHY WHORE! OUT! OUT OF MY HOUSE!" Shouted the Portrait of Mrs. Black.

There was a spike of magic through the house that caused the hairs on the back of everyone's necks to raise.

"Shut up you bloody bigoted inbred slut!" Hermione shouted, followed by a loud crash that caused the house to shake and bits of the ceiling and walls to crumble to the ground.

The surprised kitchen dwellers rushed into the hall to see Hermione storming off to the Library. They then walked to where the crash was and saw where the portrait of Mrs. Black was. There was a large hole in the wall and there were ripped pieces of portrait on the ground. The wall was cracked and shattered around the former place of the portrait and once piece of the portrait showed the cowering tearful form of Mrs. Black. Tonks laughed as she set the pieces of portrait on fire in tribute to Sirius.

"I'm going to go talk to her. Her magic is seriously fluctuating as her birthday grows near. I don't think she even realizes what's going on with her magic. It isn't a commonly covered subject since most pure bloods and half bloods grow up knowing about it." Tonks said as she followed Hermione to the library.

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Tonks walked into the library to find Hermione buried in a book. She chuckled and shook her head as she moved to sit in a chair across from her.

"Hermione what do you know about magic fluctuations and coming of age for a witch or wizard?" Tonks asked as she crossed her legs and shortened her hair to keep it out of her face.

Hermione frowned as she answered, "Not much really. I read a few things about some witches and wizards having their core grow stronger when they're coming of age, but there wasn't a whole lot at Hogwarts about it and I couldn't find any books on it in Diagon Alley." she said as she moved to better face Tonks.

"Yeah, they wouldn't. It's something pure bloods and some half bloods learn when they're young and nobody really thought about things muggleborns should know. It's the same reason they just fling muggleborns into Hogwarts without any real guide to how the magical world works." Tonks said with a disgusted sigh.

Hermione looked very angry. If Harry or Ron had seen her face they would have likened it to how she looked when she found out there were house elves at Hogwarts in their fourth year. Before she could get into a rant, Tonks continued.

"Well I'll tell you because it's affecting you and you don't seem to even notice. When a witch or wizard are within months of coming of age, their magic begins to fluctuate. Often times it does things you subconsciously desire. Other times it'll be weak and not be able to do spells you would normally easily be able to do. The stronger magically you are, the more severe the fluctuations will be.

"When I was your age, a lot of people at school were giving me a hard time because of my Metamorphmagus abilities. They always wanted me to change and to do things to amuse them. I really just wanted to disappear. I didn't want to be seen and my magic responded. I was turned completely invisible. I couldn't counter whatever my magic did and neither could McGonagall. I had to go to Dumbledore to get it fixed. It was quite embarrassing." Tonks finished with a chuckle.

Hermione was holding her sides as she laughed. She could picture Tonks turning herself invisible and then panicking and running around trying to get it fixed. It was a hilarious image that helped melt away her anger from a few minutes ago.

"What is mine doing then, if it's fluctuating like you've said?" Hermione questioned as she calmed down.

"Like I said you don't seem to have realized it. I didn't realize it at first either. You seem to want to curse Ron for the way he's been acting about Harry, but you know you can't use magic under age. Your subconscious knows this and your magic can sense your desire. So it did what it could and seems to be flowing through your muscles and strengthening you physically. Ginny told us about how you knocked Ron across his room the other night and what I just saw this morning. You shouldn't be able to knock someone like Ron around so easily. Your magic is responding to your desire to hurt him in the only way you would subconsciously allow. It's pretty funny if you ask me." Tonks finished with a chuckle.

Hermione laughed herself, "Yeah, Hermione Granger, ever the rule follower, Even in her subconscious." she commented through chuckles.

"Thanks for this Tonks, It explains a bit of the oddness I've been feeling, not to mention your story about your magic making you invisible was just what I needed to get rid of my anger from earlier." Hermione said as she set her book down.

"No problem Hermione. Now I've got to go. The Minister is probably thinking about responding to the Paper's comments. If he does try to arrest you I want to be part of the squad that goes so that you can be "Lost in Transit" as it were." Tonks said with a devious smirk.

Hermione chuckled and shook her head, "The Ministry has certainly destroyed my absolute trust in authority figures. They're so corrupt the Devil would be ashamed." Hermione commented with a sad sigh.

"Great wording!" Tonks said with a laugh while she got up and gave Hermione a hug.

"I'll see you later Hermione, be safe around here and try not to hurt Ron too badly." Tonks finished with a laugh as she left.

"Time to find a way to help Harry get control over himself." Hermione muttered with a sad sigh as she pulled the book she was reading before, back to her lap.

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Harry sighed in annoyance as he tossed the International Magical News down onto the table where he recently tossed the Daily Prophet. He was quite annoyed with how the Prophet was attacking his best friend for what he did.

"I'll just have to teach Rita a little lesson in respect." Harry commented to nobody as he sipped at his coffee.

He was sitting at a muggle café with tables outside that was just down the street from the entrance to the Ministry of Magic. He loved sitting there because it mocked the Ministry's competence. One of their most wanted criminals frequents a café down the street from their location and they don't have a clue.

"Well I have places to go and people to discipline." Harry commented as he vanished into thin air, to the shock of several muggles.

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The next day came with three shockers for Magical Britain. The first thing to show was finding the remains of Antonin Dolohov. The only part of his body that was recognizable was his head, which was left untouched, but frozen in a look of horror and torment. The right side of his body seemed to have rotted away and the left side was covered in thousands of tiny jagged cuts.

The second thing that was found was the trembling form of Rita Skeeter. She had cuts all over body that read "I will not tell lies". She couldn't talk, she would only ramble apologies. If anyone brought a quill near her she'd scream and run away. Everyone knew this was the work of Harry Potter and unfortunately it only affirmed their thoughts that Hermione was aligned with him.

The third thing that was discovered was the naked hopping form of Delores Umbridge. Her body had been turned green and slimy. She was covered in warts and hopped around like a toad. She'd croak and sling her tongue out to catch insects. The only thing she managed to say was the sentence "Toads shouldn't walk on two legs. I'm a bad toad." The healers at St. Mungo's had no clue what happened to her and had her kept in the long term spell damage ward.

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Albus Dumbledore was a very tired man. He'd spent the better part of the past 24 hours of his life trying to convince the Minister to retract the bounty on Harry's head. He was furious because the bounty labeled only death upon arrival. He was also angry that none of the articles on the bounty mentioned how powerful the boy was so everyone hunting figured he was a school boy who managed to do something to anger his ministry. He had failed in that goal and he was very angered by that.

He also spent that time convincing the Minister not to arrest Hermione Granger. He had succeeded after several hours of arguing and pointing out that he had no actual proof. He only had the words of people who openly disliked Hermione Granger, and despite what the Minister believed, accusations were not enough to arrest Hermione without proof. He was slightly satisfied that he had saved Miss Granger from the terror of a trial that would undoubtedly be fixed, but he was angered that he couldn't get the bounty retracted.

He had a very bad feeling about how this would turn out for the bounty hunters who went after Harry.

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It had been two weeks since the bounty was placed on his head and Harry Potter was curious if anyone was going to take it. He didn't really want to kill anyone, but he thought it'd be fun to fight and a bounty as high as his would undoubtedly bring out the stronger bounty hunters.

He was currently enjoying a sandwich and coffee at the café he frequented and enjoying an article in the Quibbler. As he was reading he noticed a very beautiful woman in a blue dress sit down across from him, but didn't react other wise. He was amused as he watched her shift lightly and brush one of her legs against his. He frowned slightly when he felt about fifteen magical signatures surround him in the crowds, but they didn't move. He let out a sigh of annoyance and placed his paper down and smiled at the woman.

"How can I help you?" Harry asked in a playful tone as he grinned at the woman.

"Well I saw you sitting alone and thought I'd keep you company. Someone as attractive as you shouldn't be eating lunch alone." She said as she put on the sexiest grin she could manage.

She appraised the young man in front of her. He had messy black hair that hung down to his nose and what Americans called 'Emo Glasses' on his face. He had a lean lithe figure and was wearing a tight black military style shirt with patch pockets on the chest and the front on each side of the button down center. It buttoned closed to his waist and then opened as it went down to about the bottom of his bum. He had on black cargo pants that were slightly loose but still fitting around his legs and his feet were covered in black converse shoes. She thought it was a rather odd outfit for someone who had such a large bounty on his head.

"Well may ask the name of the beauty who will keep me company?" Harry asked as he slowly took her right hand and began massaging the back of it with his thumb. He slowly let his magic trickle into her and her eyelids fluttered.

"Alexis Masters." Alexis said without thinking as she bit her bottom lip.

Harry grinned and put more magic into his thumb to trickle into her. Her breath began to quicken and she let out soft moans as she closed her eyes. A minute after she stated her name she let out a load groan and her body shuddered. Harry grinned as he let go of her hand and sat back.

Alexis opened her eyes with a confused but lusty expression. Her eyes quickly widened when she realized what happened.

"You already know who I am of course. You shouldn't have told me your real name, but I was doing the equivalent of toying with your clit you can't be blamed for not thinking. I read up on known bounty hunters and bounty organizations when a large bounty was placed on my head.

"You're Alexis Natalia Masters, Master class Bounty Hunter of the Black Lions. You really shouldn't have come after the bounty. I can't be beat." Harry said with a sad smile.

Before Alexis could respond, Harry placed two fingers, his index and middle of his right hand, on her forehead.

"Have a happy afterlife." Harry said and with a bit of pressure to her forehead she let out a scream and her body turned into a bloody goop that dissolved into a mist and then nothing.

The muggles who saw it screamed and fled leaving the fifteen other members of the Black Lions standing in shock. Finally one of them shouted in a rage.

"That was my wife!" He shouted and fired a curse at Harry that only vanished in the rippling air.

"You should have thought about that when you decided to come after me and send her in to 'seduce' me. She really should have worked on that. She wasn't very good." Harry commented.

He didn't feel like playing with them, he could tell they weren't all that strong. They may very well be good at their jobs with average targets, but they were nothing to him. His hair shifted to amethyst as his eyes followed suit. The dragon formed around him and waved his arm sending three rings of black fire at three different hunters. The flame rings burned right through the shields they put up and turned the areas they hit to ash. The three targets fell to the ground in pieces as the rings slammed into a building.

"You really shouldn't have come after me when you had no clue how strong I was." Harry chastised as he glanced at two more and they turned into a bloody mist with a scream.

Harry walked to the remaining ten who were frozen in fear. He glanced at each in turn and shook his head disgustedly. With a flick of his wrist the ten were thrown a hundred meters into the air. The amethyst haired youth grinned and snapped his fingers and with a roar of his dragon aura the ten in the air hurtled at high speeds to the ground. They crashed with a crunch and a splatter of blood and organs. Harry had tossed them a hundred feet and then increased their gravitational pull by ten. He was surprised at the results and shook his head. He vanished from the panic filled street silently.

It was twenty minutes before the Aurors responded to the incident that happened just down the street from the Ministry.

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Hermione threw the Daily Prophet across the table in anger. Tonks chuckled at the now common action. Hermione had been tossing the Daily Prophet across the kitchen on a daily basis because of how absurd the articles were. No articles directly accused Hermione anymore, what happened to Rita Skeeter had frightened the other reporters, but they still did everything in their power to turn the public against her and Harry.

"What are they saying this time?" Tonks asked curiously as she pulled the Daily Prophet over to her.

"They're saying the bounty hunters Harry killed last week were just innocent wizards and witches that Harry killed for fun. The only paper that is actually saying they were bounty hunters is the International Magical News, but most people in Britain only read the Daily Prophet. I swear, if I owned that paper I'd fire everyone there. I could easily turn that into a respectable paper, but they're nothing but a bunch of lying gits!" Hermione ground out through clenched teeth and white knuckled fists.

"Well in your words, Ignore them. They're not worth it." Tonks said with a grin

“Oh sod off Tonks.” Hermione muttered as she left the kitchen and a laughing Tonks.

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Harry chuckled in mirth as he smacked away another powerful curse. He'd finally gotten what he wanted. Powerful opponents who found him enjoying a day at the beach. If he were to grade the majority of them on the magical power scale, seven of them would be classed 6 and eight would be classed as 7's. His fifteen opponents were providing him a lot of fun.

He finally saw an opening and pulled lightening down from the storm brewing around them and caught one of the hunters. It slammed down right on him turning his body to ash. Harry cheered in triumph only to get knocked back by five powerful curses that pushed powerfully against his constant barrier. He turned around in surprise and grinned. The rest were all calling up their full power. He decided to do the same.

He called forth all of his power. The sand on the beach whipped around violently in globs of mud as rain poured from the sky. Lightning slammed onto the beach, the streets nearby, and the ocean. The ocean was raging with huge waves and enormous waterspouts. Nearby beach houses were ripped from the ground and left spinning in the air with water and mud.

The remaining hunters looked fearful at the amount of power Harry could summon, but they attacked despite that. Harry grinned and threw his arm out to the side and made a pulling motion. A nearby waterspout ripped away from the cloud it was connected to, but still leaving the bottom connected to the ocean. Harry pulled the top of it towards the beach and slammed it down at the remaining fourteen hunters. Ten of them managed to avoid the attack, but four got caught and pulled into the waterspout that was now reconnecting with the clouds.

Harry grinned and turned around while making another pulling motion. A column of water from the an approaching wave quickened up and Harry grabbed it. It spun around fast and threw it at the ten remaining hunters. Three jumped into the air avoiding the water, but seven were

caught in it. The god-like amethyst haired teen molded the water around the seven captured hunters and turned the water to ice. Punching the air in victory, Harry caused the ice to shatter, taking the bodies of the seven captured hunters with it. Harry smiled as he faced the last three hunters. He'd never felt so alive before. The dragon wielding teen was having a blast fighting such skilled opponents.

He was forced to dodge several powerful curses and conjurations. One of them even managed to summon a flock of Rocs. Harry easily took them out with a rain of lightning, but was impressed at the power required to conjure the giant birds. With a smirk he apparated right in front of one of the hunters and tapped his chest. The body caved in on itself as if a black hole opened in his chest. His body compressed with squishing and crunching sounds until the body of the hunter was the size of a soccer ball and roughly round.

He flew through the air and caught the last two with extended mist claws. Their bodies rapidly decayed from the point of contact with his large mist claws and he dropped them to the ground.

Harry looked around the beach and sighed. He'd just had a lot of fun, but it had ended all too soon for his liking. In his frustration he focused his magic and lifted the water in the ocean into a hundred meter tall tsunami and with a pushing motion, he threw the wave. The tsunami took off at rapid speeds towards the continent. With a shake of his head, Harry vanished from the destroyed beach.

A half hour later a hundred kilometer wide long strip of coast on the edge of France facing the beach Harry had been at was destroyed. There was little warning of the tsunami and many people were on the beaches due to the summer season. The tsunami pushed fifty kilometers into the lands of France and killed thousands of unprepared people. The muggle world regarded it as a freak incident caused by the storm that formed rapidly around a coastal town in southern England. The magical world blamed Harry Potter, as such storms have thus far been associated with his attacks.

oOoOoOoOoOo

Hermione was curled up in an armchair in the Black library with a large tome in her lap. She had tears flowing down her eyes as she looked at various newspapers that were opened in the tome. She couldn't deny the accusations against Harry as the cause of the storm and tsunami that killed thousands. She knew it was him. The storms were his signature. She couldn't believe he'd do such a thing, but knew that he was falling further and further out of control. It broke her heart to know he was losing himself.

She sniffed a few times and dried her tears. Her face set in a resolved expression and she tossed the newspapers away and began reading the large tome in her lap. She was going to find a way to stop Harry if it was the last thing she did.

She never knew she had a subtle halo of orange and red hovering around her body that seemed to solidify when she found her resolve. The only one who noticed was the pink haired Metamorphmagus hidden in the shadows of the library. With a sad smile Tonks quietly left the bushy haired brunette to her search.

oOoOoOoOoOo

Harry growled as he crouched in the middle of a forest. His dragon aura was flaring around him and he was growling at the dozens of hunters surrounding him. The attempts on his head were highly increased after the tsunami incident. The French Ministry of Magic placed a 140,000,000 Galleon bounty on his head. Coupled with the British bounty, taking his head would reward 200,000,000 Galleons. This pulled out the strongest hunters from the corners of the world. Harry had been fighting non stop for the past three weeks and was growing tired of it.

Currently he was surrounded by what seemed like a small army of Dumbledores. Individually their power was nothing to him, but as such a large group, He was having a hard time taking them down. From the language they were speaking he figured they were from the middle east.

He was just about to let his dragon loose when the group in front of him were ripped apart by a large silver tail that seemed to be made of spinning wind. The tail was followed by a large silver claw that ripped

apart another group. Harry watched in fascination as the hunters were quickly ripped to shreds.

Out of the shadows a feminine figure approached. She was clad in a silver cloak with the hood up. Silver hair flowed around her shoulders under the hood and she spoke with a soft Asian accented voice.

“You have a manifested aura too? Where in the world did you come from?” Harry asked in excited surprise.

“You're rather hard to find Mr. Potter. I am pretty close to your power level, but I have been using mine for nearly thirty years. Your time is up, you can't control your power and it is my duty to exterminate you before you cause more harm to the world. I will grant you my name, as those who die in battle should know the name of their killers. I am Safaia Tsukikora. My alias is Silver Fox. As you can see it is the form my aura takes. Now lets get on with this Harry Potter.” Safaia said with a cold tone of voice.

Harry grinned as he threw a black mist claw at her only to have it batted aside by the fox's tail. Harry blinked in surprise and was caught of guard by a powerful blast of wind that tossed him through the forest. He growled as he stood up and pulled down a storm of lightning at and around Safaia.

Safaia skillfully dodged around the lightning, gliding through the air as if she were a part of it. She waved an arm towards Harry and large cyclone slammed down from the clouds and pulled him into it. She focused a lot of her magic into the cyclone and was only slightly surprised when, with a roar, Harry blasted away the winds of the cyclone.

Harry growled as the dragon around him grew in size. He was letting more power out than he ever had before. A large section of the forest was uprooted. He turned the trees into huge sharpened stakes and sent them slamming towards Safaia. She dodged and her fox smashed them aside as they came. One managed to hit her back, but was stopped from crushing her by her aura. It slammed her into the ground and her aura stopped it from going any further towards her, but before she could get out of the crater she was in, three huge bolts

of lightning slammed onto her, quickly followed by a spinning ball of black fire.

The forest around the crater where Safaia originally landed was incinerated for about a fifty meters in a circular area. Safaia was breathing heavily when she stood. Her cloak was destroyed and revealed a tattered dress covering her body. Her skin was burnt in places and her left arm looked broken. She glared at Harry and focused her power. The cuts vanished and her arm straightened out. Her aura grew and she flew at the surprised amethyst haired youth, her body being trailed by spinning razor sharp wind.

Harry was mesmerized by the fiery silver eyes rushing at him. He was so mesmerized by the eyes, that he caught the full brunt of her attack. Her shoulder slammed into him and he was bombarded by fierce cutting winds. She stuck with her shoulder in his stomach, and the two of them hurtled through the air. They crashed through several dozen meters of forest before they entered a nearby city. Their auras protected them from the physical damage, but they still crashed through several buildings before stopping as they crashed into a traffic filled street. Screams filled the street as the two powerful mages glared at each other.

Heedless of the people around them, Harry thrust his arm forward and his dragon rushed out straight at Safaia. She likewise thrust her arms forward and her fox rushed out and slammed into his dragon. The crash of their contact shook the city. Nearby buildings collapsed and the ground cracked for kilometers around. Lightning slammed down through buildings and tornadoes formed around the city ripping it apart. Oblivious to the damage being done around them, the two god-like mages focused all their power into their combating auras. This was now a battle of power and control.

Safaia's fox bit down on part of the body of the dragon, and the dragon wrapped itself around the fox. The power continued to build as blades of wind shot out from the fox and cut up people, cars, and buildings; meanwhile black lightning and fire flooded out from the dragon. The magical pressure was causing everyone still alive in the city to fall to the ground as if the gravity of the earth increased five fold. With two loud screams of fury the fox and the dragon exploded

in a ball of silver and black magic. It expanded rapidly, destroying everything in its path. The city was rapidly covered in a blinding silver and black light that could be seen from orbit.

When the light faded and the dust cleared, the city was nothing but ruins, bloody bodies, and destroyed cars. For twenty kilometers around Harry, it was a large smooth crater. No buildings, bodies or cars. Only a single body that laid thirty meters away. Harry's clothes were ripped and resembled rags. His body was covered in burns and cuts and he was breathing heavily. His dragon aura was gone and the storm was dying down. He slowly made his way to his fallen opponent.

Safaia's body was still. She had a peaceful expression on her young looking face and she had a slight smile on her lips. Harry knew she was happy to have died in such a battle with such a powerful opponent. She, like him, felt the urge to fight. The call of battle that came from his powerful magical core.

He waved his hand and fixed her tattered dress and closed the wounds on her body. He then ripped open part of the earth and gently dropped her in it. He covered her with dirt and spent several moments in silence. He conjured a stone and placed it above her buried body. He waved his hand and the stone had a carved message on it.

Safaia Tsukikora

The Silver Fox

A mage of her own class, and a worthy opponent.

May she have a joyful afterlife.

With a nod of his head, Harry's body dissolved into a black mist.

The destruction of the city was covered for a straight week in dozens of papers, both muggle and magical. The magical world again claimed Harry as the cause, and also changed the message on the make shift tombstone to relay a mocking message. It was placed there to incite the anger of the witches and wizards of whatever

country Safaia Tsukikora came from. The muggles played it off as a terrorist attack with a basement nuclear bomb.

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The Minister was holding a press conference in Diagon Alley two weeks after destruction caused by the fight between Harry and Safaia. Diagon Alley was filled with people and reporters listening to the Minister as he made promises of taking care of Harry and protecting the children and people of Britain from the Dark Lord that Harry Potter had become. Sadly this would be the last thing Cornelius Fudge did. Just as he was about to respond to a question about Hermione Granger he was surrounded in a black mist. The mist slowly pulled away and formed into a glaring Harry Potter.

“You've been slandering me since the start of summer Fudge. You left out the little detail that the bodies of seven Death Eaters were at my home on Privet Drive. They were the ones who killed my relatives and I killed them. Your Aurors arrived and attacked me without asking any questions.

“You called me a Dark Lord when the only people I've killed have either been Death Eaters, or wizards and witches I killed in self defense. The tsunami was caused from my frustration and rage. You placed a bounty on my head that never warned them the extents my power reached. It's your fault so many have died and it's time for you to pay the price.” Harry finished to the silent crowd and the terrified Minister.

Fudge was lifted into the air and his body was slowly turned to ash started from his feet and going up. He pleaded mercy as his body slowly turned to ash, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. In a matter of minutes the Minister was dead.

Harry turned to the stunned and fear filled crowd with a frown.

“Make sure you vote in a competent Minister this time.” He said simply and vanished into black mist.

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Three days later the Minister was Chosen. Amelia Bones was a near unanimous choice. She immediately set out to fix dozens of problems Fudge had caused. The first of which being to retract the bounty on Harry's head to prevent the damaging fights that the bounty had caused. She then admitted that Fudge had covered up the return of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. She made everyone aware that he and his death eaters had returned and laid out plans to fight back. She was accepted easily by the public of magical Britain who were eager for a Minister who could do the job right.

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Hermione was sitting on a cushion next to a window in her room at Grimmauld Place. She had a photo album opened and had tear tracks on her cheeks. The photo album was filled with pictures of her, Harry, and Ron. She was using the moon light filtering in through the window to look at a picture of her and Harry laughing and hugging during the Yule Ball, just minutes before Ron's tantrum about Viktor. She cried for her lost friend in Ron, and cried for her current loneliness, and she cried for the friend who was slowly losing himself. She was days away from returning to Hogwarts and she didn't know if she'd make it without Harry.

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Albus Dumbledore was rubbing his metal arm and looking out his window. He was contemplating how things had gone so far out of control. He pondered on what would have happened had he trained Harry to control his power from a young age instead of binding it and leaving him with his relatives. He was bittered to admit that Harry would've probably killed Voldemort in the graveyard his fourth year and the war would be over. He had made a grievous mistake and thousands were dying because of it. He was reminded, disturbingly, of his similar mistakes with Tom Riddle. He shook his head and looked to his phoenix.

"How am I going to fix this?" Albus asked with a sad sigh.

Chapter 4: Deja Vu

Hermione sighed as she scrubbed the cauldron she was holding clean. It had some weird orange sludge stuck to it that simply did not want to come off. She was forbidden to use her wand, but she was fine with that. She wasn't one of those raised in the magical world. She was no stranger to cleaning dishes and this was no different. Just a little more time consuming. She was in detention, halfway through her four weeks of detention assigned to her.

In hindsight she knew it was pretty stupid to attack Malfoy in the Great Hall during breakfast when everyone, students and teachers, were there. The look on his face, his crying and pleading, and the time it took to set him right were well worth the month of detention she got. Though if she could go back to that time, she would've waited till she could corner Malfoy, but she was angry and reacted in a very Gryffindorish way. Still, she smiled at the memory.

OoOoOoOo

Two Weeks Prior

Hermione was sitting by herself at the far end of the Gryffindor table in the Great Hall. She was eating her breakfast and reading a book while ignoring the looks she was getting from everyone else.

Upon her return to Hogwarts, she had discovered her place as a pariah of all four houses. She got several glares and even jinxed a few times on the Express alone. She had spent the train ride alone in the prefects compartment after the meeting. She didn't want to deal with the looks and remarks.

As Hermione ate her breakfast she was trying to ignore Malfoy's loud comments about Harry. The Daily Prophet had been playing off every Death Eater attack as an attack by Harry. Malfoy had loved it. He took pleasure in needling her and calling her 'Potter's Tramp' or 'Potter's Mudblood'. She had been dealing with it for a week and her temper was at a boiling point. Upon his return, Ron had turned most of Gryffindor against her and seemed to have proclaimed himself king of Gryffindor. She had commented about him being the Gryffindor version of Malfoy. He'd attempted to Jinx her and failed and resorted

to asking her how dear Harry was faring at the killings. She'd rearranged his face, literally. Took Madame Pomfrey two days to set straight. As she was smiling at the memory she heard Malfoy make a loud comment about his father mentioning Harry had approached the Dark Lord about becoming a Death Eater, but was turned away and had run in fear.

Hermione, for a very short moment, wondered at Malfoy's stupidity at mentioning a recent conversation with his father, who was an escaped convict. Unfortunately, her temper had reached its boiling point and she flicked out her wand and stood and waved it at the Slytherin table.

Draco Malfoy was laughing about his last comment when he felt a yank behind his navel. At first he thought he'd touched a portkey, but then he realized he was rising swiftly and looking down at shocked Slytherin faces. He screamed a high pitched scream as he rose quickly and groaned loudly as his back slammed into the enchanted ceiling of the Great Hall. He gasped for breath as the wind was knocked out of him on impact. It took him a few seconds to realize that he was stuck to the ceiling looking down at the Great Hall and he screamed.

The Great Hall was filled with laughter as they looked up at a screaming and crying Malfoy. They laughed at harder at this plea's to get down and his muttered 'When my father hears about this'. They only quieted when the teachers stormed through the center of the Great Hall and split. Some went to look at Malfoy and try to get him down, the others moved over to the Gryffindor table.

"She did it! The little filthy mudblood did it! She's in league with Potter, why you allowed her back into the school is beyond me, but I demand she be expelled!" Snape yelled with a puce colored face while pointing at Hermione.

"Watch your mouth Severus. Professor's aren't suppose to use such language." Minerva McGonagall said with a glare at the Slytherin head of house.

“Severus, I don't think you should demand things of me. You're lucky to still be teaching.” The Headmaster said in an unusual tone of anger directed at the greasy haired Professor.

Snape flushed in anger and glared at Hermione.

“Then she has a month of detention with me and 200 points from Gryffindor.” Snape shouted and turned to try and help Malfoy down.

Gryffindor went from laughing to glaring at Hermione because of the loss of points. The Headmaster dismissed everyone from the Great Hall and moved to help Malfoy.

Hermione waited and watched with amusement as they attempted to get Malfoy down but couldn't. She smiled as she thought about the lesson she learned her first year. Logic and common sense were absent in most witches and wizards. She grinned and walked off to her first class, not caring about the points lost or the detentions. Malfoy's reaction was enough.

It was after dinner before they managed to get Malfoy down. Dumbledore had discovered it was Malfoy's robes that were stuck to the ceiling, not Malfoy himself. The maneuvered him out of his robes and sent him down to the dungeons. His robes were still stuck to the ceiling, though they were disillusioned to blend in with the ceiling.

OoOoOoOo

Present

Hermione smiled as she thought about the robes still stuck to the ceiling of the Great Hall. It was an impressive feat to cast a spell that Albus Dumbledore is unable to break. She chuckled to herself at the fact it took them the whole day to figure out it was his robes that were stuck to the ceiling. For how great wizards and witches often thought themselves to be, they could be incredibly foolish.

She jumped as the door to Snape's office burst open and he came storming out. He glared at her and then looked over the cauldrons Hermione had spent the last two hours cleaning. He scoffed and walked over to where she was standing.

"It seems you don't have as much trouble as most usually do in cleaning cauldrons without a wand. Though a mudblood like yourself must be use to it, having to do this filthy muggle chores." Snape commented with a sneer.

Hermione flushed in anger and bit her tongue to keep from retorting. She'd been loosing her temper much more than usual this year and she couldn't do anything to Snape, Dumbledore would never fire him. She frowned and glared at Snape.

"It's been two hours SIR, am I dismissed?" Hermione asked with a sneer of her own.

"Don't take that tone with me you filthy little girl. You're just like Potter, disrespectful and think you can get away with whatever you want. Well Potter isn't here little girl, and being his slut doesn't allow you to get away with whatever you want in my presence." Snape snarled out, but was forced to jump back as Hermione snapped and drew her wand on him.

Hermione's face was filled with fury and her arm shook as she pointed her wand at Snape. Before the man could react she had shouted "Quattuor Ventos!"

Four crescent shaped blades of wind shot out of her wand one right after the other and rushed at Snape. His eyes widened and he barely dodged the first three and caught the last one in his arm. It opened a deep gash and blood poured out. He turned and glared at Hermione, but before he could respond she began ranting.

"You are a disgusting petty little man. You're a hypocrite, you treat students like shit and use foul language because you know Dumbledore will never fire you because you're his little ass monkey. You're disgusting and filthy. It's no wonder you only look out for yourself, nobody else gives a shit about you. I'm sick of dealing with you Snivellus. I'm not putting up with your degrading behavior anymore! I'm through!" Hermione shouted.

Snape looked on in shock as Hermione's face began to darken and take on an avian appearance. Her eyes flashed orange and her hair took on a reddish-brown tint. She lifted her wand again and snarled.

“Concussão Esfera!” Hermione shouted in what sounded like a mix of her voice and a phoenix's angry trill.

A clear but rippling sphere of magic rushed from her wand at untraceable speeds and slammed into Snape's chest. The sphere erupted and the greasy potions professor was flung violently through several desks and slammed into the wall, which cracked under the impact.

“I hope Harry finds you in Death Eater robes!” Hermione shouted and stormed out of the classroom leaving the bleeding potions professor on the ground.

OoOoOoOo

Albus Dumbledore was enjoying a particularly tasty lemon drop when his proximity alarms alerted him to a powerful presence outside the gargoyles and trying to get in. He was a bit confused as the powerful teachers at the school should have registered with the gargoyles. The few teachers above a class 4 were set into his wards so he was curious who this new high power was. He closed his eyes and focused on the charm placed on the gargoyles to let him see through its eyes. He was surprised to see an orange eyed Hermione Granger with reddish-brown hair. He quickly opened the stairway and was about to tell her to come in when she threw his door open.

“I am not taking any more detentions with that asshole! I refuse to be around him anymore! I'll take my detentions with another professor and I'm dropping potions.” Hermione shouted, her eyes still a flaming orange.

“Why don't you sit and tell me what happened?” The Headmaster suggested calmly.

He was rather curious about what could have happened to make Miss Granger's usual politeness with authority figures completely vanish.

Hermione sat down, but when she tried to explain what happened she just got angrier and her hair got redder. She took a deep breath and calmed down. Her eyes faded back to their chestnut brown and

her hair lost its red tint. She let out another breath and her muscles relaxed.

Albus was inwardly very impressed with Hermione's control of her power. He had not expected her to be a great power, but then again she had never been tested. Her eye and hair changing made it seem as if she was in the higher power classes, at least a 7. He was surprised, but realized her birthday was only a week away and she'd be seventeen which is the age powers fully manifest. He decided he'd keep an eye on her, he didn't need another loose canon like Harry. Though her powers were awakening at the proper time on their own so he wasn't too worried. She showed good control over herself. He'd have to watch her, she could be the key to getting Harry back in control of his power.

Hermione's eyes shifted around the room quickly and caught sight of the pensieve.

"Can I place my memory of the event into your pensieve sir? I'm not sure I could really explain it all without getting angry again." Hermione requested.

Albus was surprised at the request, but nodded his assent.

Hermione went over to the cabinet and pulled the pensieve out and placed it on the Headmaster's desk. She sighed and took out her wand and extracted the entire memory, from the point he exited his office to her storming out after cursing him. She sat back as the head master pulled the pensieve over and waved his wand. She frowned as the silvery substance rose up and the scene played out above the pensieve like a muggle science fiction hologram.

Albus was greatly displeased with his potions professor. He couldn't fire him, but he knew the perfect way to discipline him. He smiled at the thought, but returned his attention to Hermione.

"I am greatly disgusted at his words and his behavior Miss Granger and I apologize. He will be dealt with and you will not face this problem again. I understand your wish to drop potions, but perhaps we could make an arrangement of personal study in potions so that you could still take the exams and the NEWTs next year? It would be

a shame to throw away the subject entirely.” The Headmaster made the suggestion as he thought of a way to make it up to the brilliant girl. He still couldn't believe what a prat Severus had been, but he knew some people just don't change.

Hermione was surprised at the offer of a personal study for potions. She didn't want to drop the class, she happened to love potions, but she couldn't stand to be around that greasy haired prat any longer.

“A personal study possibility would be wonderful Headmaster, thank you.” Hermione said sincerely as she pulled the memory back into her head and replaced the pensieve into the cabinet.

“Well I'll speak with the Board of Governors soon and let you know. Once again I apologize for Professor Snape's behavior and assure you won't be dealing with him again. Your detentions will be finished with your head of house.” The Headmaster said as he clasped his hands in front of himself.

“Thank You sir.” Hermione said again as she nodded to him and left his office.

The old man smiled as he slipped another lemon drop into his mouth.

“Dobby.” He said calmly.

“Yes Headmaster sir?” Dobby proclaimed eagerly after a loud clap.

“I would you like to be Professor Snape's personal assistant for the rest of this year. Help him with his potions and his various activities.” Albus said with a smile.

“Dobby doesn't like the greasy snake man. He is rude to Harry Potter and his Grangy. Dobby does not wish to be nice or helpful to the greasy man.” Dobby said with a frown.

Albus smiled as he looked at the house elf.

“I don't recall telling you to be nice, and the the help had to be good.” Albus said with a chuckle.

Dobby's face brightened and he pulled his ears in anticipation.

"Dobby understands Headmaster Sir. Dobby will act like the shifty pink haired one. Dobby thanks you sir." Dobby said and then vanished with a crack.

Dumbledore chuckled to himself as he imagined Severus' reaction to Dobby's presence.

Fawkes trilled out an amused note.

"Yes my old friend, I thought it was rather clever myself." Albus said with a smile, his eyes twinkling.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione sat at breakfast a week later, studiously ignoring the whisperings going on around her and the eyes watching her. There was another article ridiculing the Ministry for not taking her in for questioning and calling her 'The Dark Lady'. She was sitting at the farthest end of the table where first years usually sat and was reading a book on the theory of controlling magic.

She found she had replaced Harry as Snape's most hated student. Since she'd attacked him a week before he'd been in a constantly foul mood and often times vanished her potion before she finished and failed her for the day. Her constant complaints about it went ignored. Even the Board of Governors had responded by saying there weren't any other complaints and that she should gather proof of the tampering with her work. The evidence she sent them mysteriously disappeared during delivery. She gave up after three days and just decided to ignore it all, though if she was watched closely the watchers would see her eyes a nearly constant ring of orange around the outside of the iris and that it was slowly bleeding in towards her pupil.

The bushy haired brunette was rather annoyed that the Board of Governors said she had to finish out the term before she could begin an independent study in potions. She had to be talked into accepting it and not flat out dropping potions by McGonagall and it had taken hours of ranting and loosing her temper before she finally gave in.

As the bell rang through the Great Hall signaling the end of breakfast Hermione gathered her things and made her way to transfiguration. As she entered the class she took the seat she commonly claimed as hers during the first few months of her first year. During that time she'd have piles of parchment, quills, and her book covering her area and watching the board earnestly. Now she sat quietly with her closed book on her desk, and a single piece of parchment and one quill with ink. She laid her head in her arms while she reminisced about her first year when she was often times alone like she recently had been.

OoOo

September 1991

A twelve year old Hermione sat at the front of her first transfiguration class with parchment, ink, quills, and her book and eagerly waited for the lesson. She was extremely excited about learning magic and couldn't wait to learn how to transfigure things. It was a very fascinating subject that she had quickly taken a liking to when she was reading her school books during the summer. She sat on the edge of her seat as Professor McGonagall started class.

Halfway through the class Hermione had been able to complete the assignment and excitedly waved her hand in the air and told the Professor she had completed the assignment. She blushed a bit when Professor McGonagall told her to keep it until next class, and lowered her head when the other students laughed at her.

She felt her heart constrict when she heard whispers of 'Know it all', 'show off', and 'stuck up nerd' going around the class. She bowed her head and bit her bottom lip as she mentally beat herself. *'You did it again nerdy know it all. Why can't you just do things normally and not get so excited about class? You're never going to have any friends!'*

OoOo

Hermione smiled to herself as she remembered how happy she had been when she proved herself wrong and befriended Harry and Ron. Now Ron was back to the way he was those first few months of first year and Harry was nowhere to be found.

Since the start of term Ron had been insulting her, mocking her in class the few times she raised her hand to answer her question, and was pretty much turning into Gryffindor's Malfoy. She couldn't stand it and often times found herself wishing she could attach a zipper to his lips and zip them closed. He'd also encouraged most of the house, along with the others, to give her a hard time. Though if she was honest with herself, the whole school seemed to shun her when she was in the halls. Nobody really talked to her if it wasn't to insult her, and when she entered the Library, often times most of the people in it would leave.

The lonely brunette sat quietly while Professor McGonagall lectured on basic conjuration and the permanency of the spells. She asked a question about it and everyone looked at Hermione expecting her to wave her arm around and answer, but she just sat with her head resting on her bent arm while her quill rested in her hand waiting for the lecture to continue.

Lavender Brown, who was sitting behind her, leaned forward and whispered "Come on Bushy Head, you know everything don't you? You've been showing it off for years, why don't you answer?"

Hermione scowled, but didn't respond. She sat in her spot and glared at her parchment. Tomorrow was her birthday and here she was dealing with insults and being talked down to while the only person she could still consider a friend was a wanted fugitive responsible for the deaths of thousands. Her life had really taken a turn for the worse. She frowned and the shift of her eyes to solid orange escaped her as she thought *Forvandling*. Suddenly a scream erupted behind her. She jumped up and spun around, her eyes back to being brown with an orange ring on the outside. Her eyes widened at what she saw, what she'd pictured when she had thought *Forvandling*, the metamorphosis spell.

Lavender Brown's body seemed to have shriveled up as if she aged eighty years in a few seconds. Her nails were yellow and chipped and her teeth had fallen out. Her hair was thin, gray, and nappy. Most of it had fallen out though and sat around her. She had warts covering her body and she gave off a nasty smell of waste. She was staring at her

hands in horror while everyone else was looking at her in surprise. Suddenly her eyes fell on Hermione and she glared.

"It was her! She cursed me!" Lavender shouted pointing at Hermione.

Professor McGonagall walked over and frowned at Lavender, but asked Hermione for her wand. Her eyes turned into annoyance when she realized Hermione was reaching into her book bag for her wand. She cast prior incantatem to check the last spell and found it was a summoning charm. She handed it back to Hermione and looked at Lavender.

"Whoever cursed you it was not Miss Granger. Firstly she had to reach into her book bag to get it, and secondly the Forvandling curse wasn't even on her wand." McGonagall said with a frown.

She had been very disappointed in her Gryffindors for how they were treating Hermione. They were reacting like Slytherins, and Ron Weasley was acting exactly like Malfoy did to the other houses. She was disgusted with their behavior and cursed Dumbledore for being the cause of everyone's problems. If he'd handled Harry better none of this would have happened. The old fool learned the hard way that he didn't know what was best and the greater good meant shit to those who were manipulated and taken advantage of.

"Well she must've done it wandlessly." Lavender shouted in a rage. Why couldn't the stupid Professor understand that it was Hermione? She had insulted her and then wound up cursed. Of course she didn't think about how the Professor didn't know that, or how she'd react if she did.

"Miss Brown the only student in the last hundred years that has been able to do serious wandless magic was Mr. Potter and his abilities manifested over the summer and he has a level of power not seen since Merlin and the Founders. I can assure you Miss Granger doesn't have the ability to cast such a complex curse wandlessly.

"She's his lover! It's all over the papers! It wouldn't have been hard for him to show her how to do it! Look at her eyes! They have an orange ring around them! Just like Potter's eyes being purple!" Lavender shouted again.

"I don't want to listen to any more unfounded accusations. The day the Prophet prints the truth is the day I bow down Deloros Umbridge and proclaim her teacher of the century. Now go to the Hospital Wing, Madame Pomfrey will fix you right up." McGonagall said, and with that she went back to her lecture while a furious Lavender left.

Hermione's mind was too busy focusing on what had just happened to even consider paying attention. She had just cast wandless magic and felt no drain at all. She was growing concerned about the orange ring around her iris as well. She'd asked the Headmaster about it, but he had simply told her it was part of her magic maturing and that it'd be gone once her birthday passed.

OoOoOoOo

The afternoon found Hermione curled up in a chair in the Library reading her book on the theory of magic control. She was focusing on the chapter about powerful wizards and witches being able to control their magic by willing it to do something without using wands at all. She was curious if it really would stop once her birthday passed. She didn't regret cursing Snape, but her spells had been much more powerful than they should have been.

She looked up when she heard laughing and saw a group of five fourth year Ravenclaws studying and joking around. She smiled when she remembered her own fourth year and the time she spent in the Library helping Harry with the tasks. She had been delighted at all the time she'd been able to spend with Harry when he and Ron had been fighting before the first task.

She went back to reading her book with a sigh. She missed the past, but she knew things would never be the same. Too much had happened and Harry would never be able to just walk back into the magical world as if nothing happened. She was still looking for a way to help him, which was why she was reading so many books on magic control, but she was having little luck in how to help someone control the amount of magic Harry held.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione sat in the owlery with a parchment, envelope, and quill. She was writing a letter to Harry and hoping that he'd read it and respond. She needed someone to talk to, someone to vent to, and Harry was the only person she could think of.

Dear Harry,

I hope you're doing OK. I wish you'd come back and let the Headmaster help you control your powers, but I know it's useless. Even though Professor Dumbledore is the reason you've lost control of your power, I still think he's the only one who help you learn to control it. I wish you would come back, so much of what you've done has been so far from the you I know that I am sure you're not yourself. I don't know if you're being influenced, or if the power has created an alternate personality that is in control of your body, but the Harry I know wouldn't have done such destructive things.

I miss you Harry. Things aren't the same without you and with you out there doing what you are everyone turned on you again. Just like in fourth year with the tournament. I'm the only one who doesn't talk bad about you and Ron seems to be channeling Malfoy and has all of Gryffindor house treating me like dirt. It feels like first year again when I was alone and shunned by everyone because I acted like such a know it all.

On top of all that my magic seems to be acting strange. Tonks and the Headmaster say it is because my magic is maturing. My eyes have a constant ring of orange around my irises and my hair turned a reddish brown a week ago when I lost my temper a detention with Snape and cursed him. You would've loved it I think. I blasted him clear through several tables and into a wall. It's very strange, Dobby seems to be helping Snape out this past week, but he's doing a horrible job. Keeps tripping and dropping things and Snape can often times be heard muttering about clumsy house elves. Anyways back to my magic. Today in class Lavender insulted me, but I didn't say anything. I just thought the metamorphosis curse and pictured the result I wanted and the curse hit Lavender. My wand was in my bag, but I still cast the curse! Also when I was in the Library I needed a book that was at the other end of the table I was at and as I got up to get it, it flew into my hands as if I'd summoned it! My magic seems to

be reacting to whatever I want it to do before I'm able to fetch my wand. It's all very confusing, is this how it works for you? Do you just will your magic to do what you want and it does it?

Please write back Harry, I need someone to talk to and you're my best friend. I need you.

With Love,

Hermione

Just as Hermione was going to fetch a school owl, Hedwig flew down from the rafters. Hermione squeaked in surprise and fell out the window of the ledge she had just been sitting on. She screamed, but found she wasn't falling after a few seconds. She found she was just hovering outside the window in the owlery. She looked around for a moment before willing herself back in the window. She landed a bit roughly on the floor and swallowed hard.

"OK that didn't happen. It was a hallucination." Hermione told herself as she turned back to Hedwig.

"Have you been here all along girl? I was wondering what happened to you when Harry's house burnt down." Hermione cooed as she stroked Hedwig's feathers.

Hedwig hooted and nipped Hermione's ear causing her to giggle.

"Well I need you to take this to Harry please." Hermione said as she tied the letter to Hedwig's leg.

With a hoot Hedwig took off out the window.

Hermione smiled and quietly gathered her things and left the owlery.

OoOoOoOo

As Hermione slept her magic completed a change it had been going through for months. Her hair at the moment was a bright fiery red, more red than any Weasley, and if her eyes were to open they'd be a glowing orange. Her face had an avian-like appearance as her cheek

bones shaped a bit to make her face a bit more avianish. Her finger nails grew into talon-like claws and her body was glowing a red orange. Suddenly the glow grew bigger and hotter and her sheets burnt up and her hangings burnt to ash. The room was filled with heat and she was lifted a meter off her bed as a dark red orange fiery aura surrounded her. Her eyes snapped open and her mouth opened as if to scream, but the song of a phoenix erupted from her mouth. Only it wasn't a pleasant song, it was a song filled with anger, loneliness, and betrayal. It filtered into the sleeping occupants of the tower's minds. It turned their dreams to nightmares and caused a shiver to run through their sleeping bodies.

The owls in the owlery fled through the windows as the song grew to fill the castle. The teachers who were awake looked startled as they looked around for the source of the sound. The dreams of everyone sleeping in the school turned to horrible nightmares. Fawkes let out a faint trill before he flashed away from the school. Dumbledore laid awake in his bed listening to the sorrowful song and shook his head at what the students of his school had caused. To be the cause of such sorrowful emotions was horrible and he knew he'd failed more than just Harry.

Hermione's eyes closed again as her mouth shut and the sorrowful song faded away. Her Hair turned back to brown and her sheets and hangings repaired themselves and she rolled over onto her side as her fingers returned to normal and her face lost her avian appearance. The Aura finally faded and she fell into a comfortable sleep with calming dreams. She was the only person in the school who didn't have nightmares.

The next day everyone was dragging and tired. Nobody had a peaceful night except Hermione, but she was still wiped out because of the unknown effects of the maturing of her magic. The orange ring around her irises was gone, but there were still faint flecks of orange in them. She was curious about why the entire school seemed to drag themselves around, but didn't bother asking and ignored the mutterings about the weird plague of nightmares. She never noticed Dumbledore's eyes watching her throughout the meals of the day.

OoOoOoOo

It was a week later that she got a response from Harry. It was during dinner when Hedwig flew in the upper windows. She caught everyone's attention as she flew to Hermione and held her leg out. Hermione blushed at all the eyes on her but took the envelope off of her leg. She noticed the envelope was the same one she used but Harry's name had been scratched out completely and her name had been placed on it.

"Ha! See! She is in league with Potter! Here Professor McGonagall, here's proof she's contacting him and that she's his little dark lady!" Lavender shouted as she pulled the letter out of Hermione's hands.

The professors were rushing over, but didn't make it in time as Lavender opened the envelope.

White fire shot out of the envelope and covered Lavender's head. The smell of burnt hair and flesh filled the hall as the fire rushed out of the envelope. When it died down Lavender screamed as the pain hit her. Her face and head had been badly burned and blisters and melted flesh covered it as small patches of hair stuck out and some was melted to her scalp. Several people around her vomited and she passed out, falling back off the bench. Hermione was pale as she looked at the envelope.

"Well if that wasn't a sign the letter's from Potter I don't know what is." Snape said with a sneer.

Hermione frowned as she picked up the envelope.

"Actually Snivellus, it's from my parents. It's the same envelope I used to send them a letter and it has the same anti-theft enchantments I used. I know my mail is being watched by many people because of all the stuff in the *Prophet* about me being a dark lady and I want my mail to be private. What happened to Lavender is easily fixable by a healer, it's just a lesson not to read other people's mail. I found Hedwig in the owlery and asked her to deliver the letter. Apparently that's where she's been all along since your friend Bellatrix and her minions burnt down Harry's house." Hermione said with a scowl.

“Well there you have it. I believe we should all get back to our dinner. Miss Patil, if you could bring Miss Brown to the hospital Wing I would greatly appreciate it.” Dumbledore said as he turned and went back to the staff table.

Everyone quietly went back to their meal as Parvati took Lavender to the Hospital Wing.

A few minutes later Hermione rose and left the hall. She walked up to the room of requirement and focused on a common room. She entered the door and found her own private common room she'd been escaping to for weeks. She couldn't stand the Gryffindor Common room because of how they treated her, so she found her own. She sat down in a comfy sofa and opened the letter from Harry.

Dear Hermione,

Sorry to hear about how they're treating you. I can burn the Prophet to the ground if you want. It'd be what they deserve with the way they write lies about people. I'm truly sick of them.

I miss you and Hogwarts as well, but I can't go back. Not after everything I've been put through there. I'm perfectly fine out here on my own.

It sounds like you're really powerful! That's great! That is how my magic seems to work. I can just want it to do something and my magic does it. It's much better than the dumb incantations and wand waving I use to have to do. You should start practicing with it, its really much better than wand magic.

I can't really say much in this letter as I'm in a bit of a hurry. It was great to see Hedwig again, but with all my traveling I think it'd be better if you took care of her, so if you don't mind taking care of her and keeping her there at Hogwarts, I'd really appreciate it. I'll try to write much more from now on, but you write to me to! I'm sure Hedwig will find me regardless of where I am.

With Love,

Harry

Hermione smiled a bit as she finished the letter. It'd be nice to write normally to Harry and hear back from him. Maybe she could help him that way. She took a deep breath and laid back and pulled up the book on the theory of magical control. It was a rather thick and detailed book, and though it had a lot of stuff on controlling magic through the wand, she had yet to find anything that could help her with Harry. She arched her back a bit to crack it and got on with her reading.

Chapter 5

Correspondence

Hermione let out a strong sigh as she sat down at a table in the Library with her bag in the chair next to her. The day had been strange because she kept finding impossible things happening around her. She overslept and was rushing from the common room to get to the Great Hall to grab some breakfast when three steps out of the portrait hole she found herself running through Entrance Hall. She hadn't apparated, she knew what that felt like(plus the school was warded against that), she just moved from the portrait hole to the Entrance Hall. That was only the start. All throughout her classes she'd go to perform whatever spell they were working on and she'd do it before realizing her wand was still in her bag. She wanted to tell the Headmaster what was going on, but something in her gut told her not to. Learning what they had done to Harry's power as a child caused her almost unyielding trust in authority figures to shatter.

She placed a bit of parchment on the table and turned to pull out her ink and quill from her bag only to find them set out on the table, and her favorite quill dabbing itself into the ink and then wiping off the excess by circling the rim of the ink bottle, exactly how she always did it. The quill then lifted up and held itself above the parchment in the exact position it would be in if she had been holding it. It was at this point she felt her magic moving inside her. She frowned in thought before whispering "Finite". The magic in her stopped moving and the quill dropped to the table. She blinked and shook her head, picking up the quill to begin writing her letter.

Dear Harry,

How are you doing? Well, I hope. Things have been less hostile here since your vindictive letter kept Lavender in the Hospital wing for three days. That was hilarious by the way. How did you charm that? The fire was hot enough to burn her hair off and melt her skin, but not hot enough to kill her, burn her eyes, or destroy her nerves. That was really precise charming, quite impressive really. Everybody has pretty much kept their distance since then.

I'm curious Harry, how do you control your wandless magic? I know that you are able to do that now, with this new power of yours, which I still think you need help controlling, but how does it work exactly? I've been experiencing really weird things that remind me of all the accidental magic I performed as a child only, it's much more controlled this time. I was late for breakfast this morning and three steps out of the portrait hole I found myself in the Entrance Hall. I didn't apparate, I know how that feels, it was like I just flashed from one spot to the other. I was still running when I got there! It's very strange, I've been casting spells all day in classes without my wand being used, but I can't figure out how to consciously do it. My magic seems to be doing this on its own and I want to know how to control it before something bad happens. Well I hope to hear from you soon.

Love,

Hermione

Hermione nodded as she checked over the letter and rolled it up and with a flick of her wand it was sealed. She turned to put things back in her bag when she felt her magic flare again and was startled by an unexpected visitor.

“HOOT!” a surprised snowy owl let out as she flapped her wings in panic.

“AAH!” Hermione screamed while jumping back and falling out of her seat to land on the ground.

Hedwig was fluttering her wings and turning her head back and forth rapidly before her eyes stopped on Hermione and let out an angry hoot.

Hermione grinned sheepishly, “Sorry girl.” she said as Madame Pince came marching over.

“I wouldn't expect you to make so much noise in a Library Miss Granger. You're disturbing the peace and you know owls aren't suppose to be in here, a lot of these books are rare and easily damaged. Leave now, you're banned for a week.” and with that Madame Pince walked away huffing about unruly kids.

Hermione's shocked face formed a frown. She'd never been banned from the Library before. It was like her second common room nowadays. She let out an angry huff and gathered her things. Hedwig flew to her shoulder and they walked into the hall. Hermione tied the letter to Hedwig's leg.

"Take this to Harry Hedwig." Hermione requested softly.

Hedwig let out an annoyed hoot before flying away.

Hermione shook her head and took a deep breath before making her way to the common room. She felt her magic flare again and found herself face to face with the Fat Lady. They let out identical screams of surprise.

"How did you do that? You shouldn't be able to do that inside the school!" The Fat Lady said in a scared voice.

Hermione panicked, knowing the portrait would tell the Headmaster. Without thinking she lifted her right hand up, palm facing the portrait.

"Obliviate" she said strongly.

The Fat Lady froze for a few seconds before shaking her head. She looked in surprise at Hermione for a moment before smiling slightly.

"I'm sorry dear, I must have drifted off there. Password?" The Fat Lady said expectantly.

Hermione's eyes were wide and she was staring at her hand. She'd just consciously and wandlessly obliterated a portrait. She had no idea a portrait could even be obliterated.

"You learn something new everyday, as I use to say." Hermione whispered in a slightly bitter voice.

"Password dear?" The Fat Lady asked again while looking at Hermione curiously.

Hermione shook her head and muttered the password before moving into the tower and to her dorm.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione was quietly enjoying her lunch a few days later when a few owls flew in. She saw one of them was Hedwig and smiled. That bird could find anybody anywhere. When Hedwig landed she quickly took the letter from her and let her have some of the meat from her lunch. Hedwig hooted before flying out of the Great Hall. She tucked the letter into her robes and found Lavender glaring at her. Hermione grinned at her and took the letter out.

"Want to read it Lavender?" Hermione asked with false innocence.

Lavender paled quickly before standing up and fleeing the Great Hall. Hermione chuckled to herself and smiled when she saw Ginny towards the middle of the table staring after Lavender and laughing. When she caught Ginny's eyes, Ginny blushed and looked back down at her lunch, not looking in Hermione's direction again.

Hermione sighed longingly, hating that one of the few people who were really on her side was pressured to pick between her and everyone else. It hurt her quite a bit to know that Ginny had picked everyone else. She shook her head before finishing her lunch and walking to the Room of Requirement.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione walked into her personal common room and dropped her bag to the floor. She jumped onto one of the big cushions filling the room and pulled out the letter from Harry. She exhaled and reclined back while pulling the muggle notebook paper out of the envelope.

Dear Hermione,

Yeah that was some brilliant charm work wasn't it? I did it the same way I control my wandless magic. Basically when it started happening it was instinctual, like you said, similar to accidental magic. A little while after all that stuff happened at Privet Drive I began to feel my magic. I could feel it moving in me and flaring when I used it. I began to focus and tried a few spells by focusing on them and what they do. After I was able to get them to work I did the same stuff silently. After that I was able to start willing my magic to do anything.

For example, there aren't any spells, even dark ones, that create a vortex of fire. I was fighting this bounty hunter the other day and all his spells seemed to focus around ice. It was interesting, but really annoying because he had this spell to create armor around his body made of highly condensed ice and it was able to block a lot of my spells and weaken other ones. This guy reminded me of Dumbledore a lot. People mistake Dumbledore's ability to use spells in creative ways as a lot of power. Dumbledore is above average in power, but there are a lot of people out there with more raw power than he has. What makes Dumbledore strong is his ability to manipulate spells and change them and use them in ways nobody would ever think to use them. Anyways, this guy was really good and getting on my nerves. So I focused my magic and pictured a vortex of fire surrounding the man and then threw my arm out and felt my magic flare. A light orange light shot out of my hand and sparked a short distance from the guy before erupting into a powerful vortex of fire. By the time it stopped burning the guy was ash.

You turned seventeen recently didn't you? I always forget you're a year older than me. It seems like you hit the age of magical maturity. You must be pretty strong to be able to use wandless magic. Not even Dumbledore can do it the way it sounds like you can. My suggestion would be to practice spells verbally without a wand, then silently, and then start trying to will your magic to do things there are no spells for.

I've been good though, having a lot of fun, but did you know how ridiculous some of the wars the muggles have had are? They're no better than the magical society. I never learned much world history in school before Hogwarts, but it's surprising. They fight over land, religion, and resources. It's like they enjoy fighting each other and look for any reason to wage war. There are even large groups of muggle terrorists worse than Voldemort and the Death Eaters! Have you ever heard of a suicide bomber? It's the most insane thing I've ever heard of. I know the prophecy about me and Voldemort says I'm the only one who can stop him, but is this world even worth saving from him? The muggles seem to all be killing each other in wars and terrorism. Those who aren't seem to pretend none of the wars or terrorism is happening. They're just sticking their head in the sand, they won't fight for themselves! Just like the magical world. They all

do nothing while Death Eaters attack, expecting me or Dumbledore to ride in on a white horse and save everyone. Muggles and magical people are more alike than I realized.

I'm glad people aren't being hostile to you anymore. What about Ginny and Luna? Those two aren't ones to believe the rubbish the Prophet prints. What's going on with them?

Well Let me know how the wandless magic stuff goes.

Love,

Harry

Hermione frowned as she finished the letter. Harry seemed to strongly dislike both the muggle and magical worlds. She took her bottom lip between her teeth as she thought about where that could lead. She shook her head and pulled out a book to read while thinking about setting a schedule for practicing wandless magic.

OoOoOoOo

Dear Harry,

Thanks for the advice on the wandless magic! It's coming along nicely. I've gotten to the point of making my own spells. I managed to use my magic to control my point of gravity. I can walk on walls or ceilings without my clothes and hair falling towards the ground, it's as if I'm simply walking on the ground. It's exciting to think about all the things I could learn to do with this ability. I haven't told anyone about it though, I'm not sure how the Headmaster would handle it.

As for your views on the muggle wars, well there always have been wars fought, mostly for territory. Mankind is a violent race it seems, but there are some countries around the world that fight for good reasons, like in World War II when the allied countries fought against Hitler and his army and allies. Hitler was like a muggle Voldemort. He believed in a supreme race of humans and thought Jews were evil. He killed millions of them, but many of the other countries, like England and The United States fought them to put a stop to those atrocities. There are thousands of horrible muggles and magical

people, but there are just as many, if not more, good people in the world. You have to look at both sides of the story and not assume it's all just pointless fighting.

As for Ginny and Luna, well at the beginning of the year they were still friendly with me. They're still on my side and know you're not trying to become a dark lord and take voldemort's place, but they're not really speaking with me. Everyone put pressure on them and Ginny caved first. She doesn't insult me or anything, but she doesn't defend me or talk to me. Luna caved shortly after her, she said she was use to people stealing her things, but they had started destroying her things, not just stealing them. She said she almost lost one of the few things her mother left her, and couldn't risk anything else happening to her stuff, and that most of the teachers wouldn't do anything even if she told them. She's just minding her own business or spending time with Ginny and Neville. I understand them though, everyone seems to be really worse about this stuff than they were about things in the past like the Triwizard Tournament.

Anyways I've got some homework to do. Hope you're doing well.

Love,

Hermione.

Hermione smiled as she watched the quill move across her parchment a few feet away. She pushed her magic and the quill lifted up and wiped itself on the rim of the ink bottle before laying on its side as the cap of the ink bottle screwed itself on and the parchment rolled itself up and sealed. She grinned happily.

Once she had started practicing her wandless magic she quickly became adept at it. She enjoyed writing down ideas for spells to try and create. It was a lot of fun and something that kept her mind off the issue of her pariah existence.

She gathered her things and left the Library table, ignoring Madame Pince scowling at her, and made her way to the owlery to find Hedwig.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione grunted as she threw herself into the large cushioned sofa in her personal common room. The day had been stressful. She'd not been paying attention at breakfast and someone slipped one of the Weasley Twin's inventions into her breakfast. She'd spent about thirty minutes vomiting before Madame Pomfrey managed to stop the effects which made her late for her first class of the day, Potions.

On her way to potions Hedwig arrived with Harry's latest letter. She'd had the letter in her hand when walked in. Snape took thirty points for being late and then, seeming to forget what happened to Lavender, snatched the letter out of her hand. She wasn't sure if Harry still warded the envelopes he sent his letters in, but figured he probably did. She found her answer seconds later when Snape opened the letter only to get a face full of lightning that threw him through the classroom away from the letter. She'd received another month of detention with Filch, who she was currently seeing for her detentions left over from the ones she was suppose to serve with Snape.

She pulled out the letter from harry and unfolded it as she relaxed.

Dear Hermione,

Congratulations on the wandless magic. I knew you'd take to it quickly when you started working on it. You're brilliant like that. That's a clever spell, the gravity shifting. I tried my own version of that. I got surrounded by Aurors recently in London when I was in an arcade. I tried to apply your gravity spell, but changed it so their point of gravity was the ceiling, and that the pull of the gravity was ten times greater than earth's normal gravity. They flew up to the ceiling so fast I would've missed it had i blinked. I heard the crunching of bones and saw they'd cracked ribs and broken arms from slamming into the ceiling. They couldn't move their wand arms because the gravity was too strong. I don't know if they got them down, or just cut out that section of ceiling and moved them to St. Mungos. It'd be interesting to find out, but I don't know if that'll be in the prophet. The probably thought it was a sticking charm of some kind, but I haven't canceled the spell, so I'm curious if they're still stuck to that section of ceiling somewhere.

I understand that there are good reasons to fight, but the fights would be less terrible if everyone fought to defend themselves instead of relying on others to do it. Take magical England for example. The normal populace of Wizards and witches outnumber Death Eaters. See there could be a hundred shoppers in Diagon Alley and twenty Death Eaters apparate in all one hundred of those shoppers panic and run around like chickens with their heads cut off. Not imagine if instead of panicking and running around, those hundred shoppers turned on those twenty Death Eaters and cast a volley of spells at them. The Death Eaters first off, wouldn't know what to do because they're use to people fleeing, not fighting back. Second, they would never be able to block that many spells and they'd be taken down. By the time the Aurors arrived the shoppers would have had the death eaters unconscious and bound. Yet they don't do that, they don't protect themselves or each other. They flee and they push each other out of the way so they can get away without worrying about what happens to everyone else. It's the way the whole world seems to work, only worry about yourself, and leave it to other people to deal with. It's disgusting.

I'm disappointed in Ginny and Luna, but I guess i can understand their points of view, but I still think they shouldn't care what such stupid people think. Well I've got some people to see so I'll finish this here.

Love,

Harry

Hermione frowned as she contemplated Harry's letter. She shook her head before closing her eyes to drift off into a nap on the large cushioned sofa. Her dreams were filled with a purple haired devil with glowing amethyst eyes turning the world into a literal version of Hell in Judgment for the atrocities mankind performed on itself. They were to be destroyed before they destroyed themselves. When she woke up, she had tears flowing down her cheeks and whimpered as she recognized the face of the devil in her nightmare. It was Harry, and she truly feared what he could become. She'd been slacking off looking for ways to gain control of power that consuming a person, but no more. She'd throw herself back into her research and find a

way to help Harry and prevent her nightmare from becoming a reality. She knew Harry could never live normally in most of Europe, but there were plenty of other places they could go when Harry was able to control his power and ways they could disguise themselves to not be noticed. She vowed to herself she'd never let what happened in her nightmare, become real.

OoOoOoOo

Hermione had decided she wanted to see Harry, so she told him as much in her next letter.

Dear Harry,

There's a Hogsmeade weekend coming up in two weeks. I really want to see you and talk to you in person. Please meet me at the Shrieking Shack at around noon that Saturday. Hopefully I'll see you then.

Love,

Hermione

Her Response came the next day.

Hermione,

I'll be there.

Love,

Harry

She smiled as she tucked the small note away and did what she named, Flash Stepping, that took her from the Room of Requirement to a small hallway near the Fat Lady. She'd managed to figure out what her magic did to move through the wards of Hogwarts. It was almost identical to Apparation, but it seemed to slide through wards like water. She was glad people like Death Eaters had never discovered such an ability. She muttered the password to the Fat Lady and made her way to her dorm.

Chapter 6

Hogsmeade Massacre

Hermione breathed out heavily as she looked in the mirror. It was the Saturday morning of the Hogsmeade weekend she was to meet Harry at the Shrieking Shack and she had woken up early and began channeling Lavender and Pavarti as she tried on outfit after outfit and messed with her hair for a solid hour before her dorm mates began to wake. Finally grunting out her frustration and confusion as to why she was so worried about her appearance, Hermione picked a pair of jeans that were both comfortable and fit her form well before throwing on a thin dark blue long sleeve shirt and heading down to breakfast.

As she sat eating her breakfast she thought about what to say to Harry. She'd been so worried about him, but he'd also done such terrible things since the second awakening of his powers. She wanted to know what he was thinking when he let his power loose and how he could simply not care that his actions often leave many innocents injured or dead. She'd been searching obsessively for methods of controlling a large source of magic, but had come up empty handed. She shook her head as she followed the trail of students across the grounds and to the nearby village.

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Harry nodded as he looked around the room where he first met Sirius all those years ago. He'd cleaned it up quite nicely in his opinion. The floor and walls were cleaned and seemed to shine. A thick black carpet covered the floor with etchings of an amethyst colored Dragon maneuvering around it as if it were the night sky. There were Several large cushion covered chairs in the room, a round table in the center, a fireplace that was roaring with an actual fire to warm the room in the early touches of winter. He thought it'd be a comfortable place to spend time with Hermione and possibly a place to spend more time with her in the future. She was the only one of his peers who still stood loyal to him, and she always had. He wasn't ignorant of her unwavering loyalty to him, even with his recent actions. He looked at a nearby clock and fidgeted as he saw that it was about the time for breakfast to start at Hogwarts. He walked over to a mirror and

brushed his fingers through his black hair that fell to his jaw line in an oddly natural but stylish unkempt fashion. His eyes remained the glowing amethyst they had been since his constant confrontations with people wanting his head. He exhaled strongly and looked at the clock again. It'd only been a few minutes. He growled in frustration and confusion as he continue to fidget in anxiety.

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Harry stood quickly as he heard footsteps approaching the door. He sent a quick look at the mirror and gave himself an expression of confusion, as he couldn't figure out why he'd looked at the mirror, before looking back towards the door as it was pushed open. He smiled at the familiar thick brown hair of the girl closing the door. It'd been a while since he'd last seen her, she was very beautiful, and he had missed seeing her.

Hermione had avoided looking at Harry up to this point. She'd entered the room with her head facing the ground and her back was currently facing him. She took a deep breath and turned around. He looked so much like the Harry she knew, all dressed up in fitting clothes, but she knew this wasn't the same Harry, this Harry had dark amethyst eyes, had murdered, caused the deaths of countless innocents, and refused to accept that the great power he wielded was truly wielding him. Despite being a different Harry than the one she knew, and the sins he committed, he was still her Harry and she knew he needed her, even more than she needed him.

The two stared at each other for a few minutes, neither moving or saying a word. Then without warning Hermione threw herself at a surprised Harry and they fell back onto the sofa he was previously sitting on. She hugged him tightly as he chuckled lightly.

"I missed you so much." Hermione breathed out as she buried her face in the crook of his neck.

"I missed you too." Harry said with a smile.

They remained that way for a few minutes before Hermione shifted and sat next to him with his arm around her shoulder and her body leaning against the side of his.

"How have you been? Really?" Hermione asked as she rested her head against his upper chest.

"Alright I guess. There have been less bounty hunters showing up lately and the Minister isn't trying to hang me." He replied with a chuckle at the last part as Hermione's lips twisted into a bitter smile at the memories of the former minister.

"I really miss Hogwarts." Harry breathed out with a sigh.

"Hogwarts misses you too," Hermione said with a forlorn smile, "It hasn't been the same without you."

"How is it going for you though? How's Ron been acting lately?" Harry asked with a contemplative look on his face.

"It's definitely the worst year so far, but I'm not turning on you just to satisfy a bunch of sheep. There are too many factors in what's been going on lately to simply go around thinking 'you kill, you evil'." Hermione said with an amount of passion that surprised Harry and brought a smile to his face.

"Oh, and Ron's being a prat." She added, which brought a laugh on from Harry.

"What? He is! He turned on you the second the first article showed up in the paper. He's been treating me like dirt and even called me a mud blood! He's turning into a Gryffindor Malfoy." Hermione spat out.

Harry snorted at the comparison.

"I told him as much too. He got all purple in the face and his fists clenched like he wanted to hit me, but I could tell he remembered all the beatings I've given him this year. I've been a bit temperamental, Tonks said it had to do with coming into my full power as an adult." Hermione said with a grin.

Harry smirked and ran a hand through her hair causing her to emit a sigh of contentment.

"I'm sorry you've had to put up with him for so long." Harry said with a regretful tone.

"What do you mean?" the brunette questioned with a raised eyebrow that Harry couldn't see.

"You two have never gotten along. He would've left you to die first year if I hadn't made him come with me. You two always argue and while you've always been a loyal and trustworthy friend, he's been selfish, fickle, traitorous, and even as big of a bigot as the Slytherins, though in a different way. He's been a horrible friend, and I know you only put up with him because he was my first real friend." The amethyst eyed teen muttered the end with a frown on his face.

Hermione smiled and snuggled deeper into his body.

"It's OK Harry. It was worth it." She said with a smile.

Harry grinned and then smirked as he asked,

"How's Snape been?"

Hermione's mood swing was visible in her aura. Harry stifled a snort as he listened to her rant.

"That man is evil! I don't know why I never listened to you! I was stupid to be so trusting of authority to simply say 'Oh Dumbledore trusts him, that should be enough'. Ha! Enough my big white ass. He's slimy, jealous, bitter, and arrogant. I swear if I ever have to serve as detention with him, I'm not sure the result wouldn't get me expelled." Hermione finished her rant with a light snarl.

Harry raised an eyebrow and patted her head, much to her annoyance.

"I could always kill him for you." Harry offered as casually as if he was offering tea.

Hermione's mood changed to somber so fast that Harry almost missed it.

"Why do you think of human life in such a frivolous way?" Hermione asked with a sad tone of voice.

Harry frowned as he caught onto her thoughts. He took a deep breath and continued running his fingers through her hair.

"There's too much of mankind that doesn't deserve to live. Severus Snape is one among millions who I would gladly kill." Harry said in a light, but serious tone.

"What's making you think this way Harry? It can't just be the overwhelming power, whether you admit to the lack of control or not. Why do you have such a jaded view of the world?" Hermione asked as her eyes grew wet. "When did your saving people thing turn into a killing people thing?"

He frowned and looked away from her as his hand stilled in her hair.

"When I realized there were so many people not worth saving. People who rape children and steal their innocence, people who rape other adults, serial killers who kill for enjoyment, people who fight and kill each other over resources that could easily be shared, people who take advantage of others for personal gain and those who let them get away with it. There are so many people in this world who don't deserve to be saved, too many." Harry said with strong disdain filing his voice.

"There are things Harry, people and things that make putting up with those wretched people worth it. A lit candle in an abyss gives more light to the darkness than the sun does to the earth. There are small goods that make up for the all the bad. No race is perfect Harry, they all have their flaws." Hermione spoke with a quivering voice as tears flowed down her cheeks.

Harry's eyes were a bit wider than usual, but showed no other signs of his thoughts as he kept his face blank.

"Like what?" He challenged with slightly narrowed eyes.

Hermione faced him fully for the first time since their conversation started and put her hands on his cheeks.

“Like me Harry, Like me.” She said as she closed her eyes and leaned forward.

Harry's eyes opened wide in surprise as Hermione pressed her lips to his. It only took a few seconds for him to close his eyes and sink into the kiss.

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Hermione and Harry spent the rest of the morning in a much more intimate manner. They were basking in each other's presence and simply enjoying the small bit of time they had together, when their peace was shattered by a scream.

They both leaped up in surprise and ran outside the shack and towards the village. As they were approaching the panicking crowd a death eater flew out of the woods towards them. Before Harry could respond Hermione had thrown out her right arm and the air rippled and tinted red. The spell slammed into the Death Eater and sent him flying backwards while at the same time igniting a small inferno around his body. His screams died out as he slammed into the tree with enough force to be wrapped around it in a sickening display of broken bones and twisted flesh.

Hermione froze on the spot as she saw what her recently created spell did. It was a combination of a powerful banishing charm and an ignition curse she created that conjures a small inferno to burn the target for a short period of time. It was meant to disable, not to kill. With the adrenaline that had made its way into her body as she rushed towards the village, she had put too much power into the spell.

Harry noticed her lack of movement and rushed back to her. He knew she'd never really killed before, but he hadn't expected her to freeze up like that. He grabbed her shoulders and shook her until she responded and looked at him with wide tortured eyes. He cursed himself as he saw the lost look in her eyes.

“Go back to the school and get Dumbledore, as much as I despise him, he will be able to calm and organize the villagers.” The now amethyst haired youth ordered.

Hermione nodded quickly before turned and rushing off at a speed only she was able to move at thanks to her instinctual manipulation of her muscles through magic.

Harry frowned as he arrived. The attack was completely one sided. The Death Eaters were throwing curses out into the crowd and people were screaming and running in circles. They were pushing each other out of the way as they attempted to get away, even children were being knocked down and ignored in the attempts to get away.

This was ridiculous and only added to Harry's belief that mankind didn't deserve to be saved, that they didn't deserve to exist. His eyes began to glow a darker amethyst as black smoke surrounded him and began to form into the dragon.

There were a total of thirty-four Death Eaters minus the one wrapped around a tree on the outskirts. There were over 150 people scrambling over each other to get away. Close to 120 had wands and knowledge of damaging, if not lethal, spells. None of them fought back, regardless of the fact that they outnumbered the Death Eaters to a great degree. They were pathetic.

Harry unleashed the full force of his power and smirked as everyone, Death Eaters included, froze and had difficulty moving. They all turned their heads to face him, and more people screamed at the sight of him than they had at the sight of Death Eaters. If they weren't being assaulted by an immense magical pressure then they probably would've been fleeing in an even more pathetic fashion. He scoffed as he lifted his right hand and let his palm face the Jumble of Death Eaters.

The black mist begin spiraling from the dragon and forming into a sphere that grew larger and larger in front of him till it was roughly the size of Hagrid. Black flames then erupted inside the mist and spun around in a cyclonic fashion while black lightning began flashing along the outside. He smirked at the panicked noises people were making and focused his magic into a compressed force in his forearm. He smiled as he let it go and the ball of destruction flew towards it's target.

The Magical pressure was lifted, but the Death Eaters had no time to get out of the way. The sphere slammed into them, killing most of them on contact, and then the sphere exploded outwards. Tendrils of black mist, black flames, and bolts of black lightning spread out across and rained down upon the village. There were dozens of villagers killed and injured in the explosion as it rocked the entire village.

Harry sneered as he watched the mist, flames, and lightning tear the village to the ground. He vanished in a cloud of black mist just as a dozen Aurors showed up. They looked around in shock, before taking action and grabbing all the living and injured villagers and getting them out of the village limits. They knew from past experience what these black elements were, and knew they wouldn't be able to put them out.

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Hermione, Albus, Minerva, and Snape arrived as the Aurors were working taking people out of the range of the destruction. They all watched on in horror as the village was torn to the ground.

“Why would Harry do this?” Albus asked in a horrified voice.

“Because he's an arrogant brat who doesn't like it when he doesn't get his way. Haven't you heard the rumors? He got turned down on being a Death Eater by The Dark Lord, he must still be upset.” Snape said with a smirk.

He suddenly found himself lacking the ability to breath. He looked around wildly and found himself facing a furious and glaring Hermione. Suddenly it felt like his blood had been set on fire and he tried to scream, but didn't have the oxygen to do it. Hermione turned away and his breathing ability came back, and the burning in his veins lessened. He was able stand on weak legs while Albus and Minerva watched with concerned looks.

“The Dark Lord must know what happened and isn't happy.” Snape said with a frown.

Just like that, the Headmaster and Headmistress dismissed the problem.

"He didn't think they were worth saving." Hermione said in a sorrowful voice, her look of fury replaced by one of sadness.

"What do you mean Miss Granger?" Minerva asked curiously.

"Harry's been becoming jaded in his views of mankind. Both the actions of magical people and muggles alike sicken him. He is seeing all the bad in the world and thinks it outweighs the good. He doesn't think most of mankind is worth saving. These people probably weren't fighting back. Even though they most likely outnumbered the Death Eaters by like five to one, they fled and probably pushed each other around and out of the way to flee. Harry probably figured that if they wouldn't fight to save their village, they didn't deserve to have it." Hermione relayed her thoughts as tears filled her eyes.

She'd been so close to getting Harry to stay with her. To stop moving around and fighting. She was so close to talking him into getting help even though he didn't think he needed it, and then this happened.

"How do you know this Miss Granger? If you don't mind me asking." The headmaster questioned curiously.

Hermione smiled bitterly as she answered. "I just know Harry, even when he's not being himself."

"Ha! Of course the know it all knows. Why wouldn't she know how a psychopath's mind worked? She is his harlot after all." Snape commented with a sneer.

Snape was about to make another harsh comment, but suddenly felt a strong force slam into his upper body that sent him flying. His eyes opened in surprise as he watched a flame ignite in front him before a burning inferno surrounded his body. His screams were silenced when his body collided with a tree and he lost consciousness. His clothes and skin were badly burned, but he was OK and would be fine after a night in the hospital wing, but it was quite a bit of pain to endure.

Both the Headmaster and Deputy headmistress turned with shocked eyes to Hermione. She looked surprised and showed her empty hands.

"I didn't do anything professors, honest! I didn't even have my wand out!" Hermione said and took her wand out of her pocket.

Minerva tested it, but found nothing out of the ordinary. She frowned but waved Hermione back to the school. When she was sure the girl had gone she sent a patronus off to fetch Poppy and turned back to Albus.

"He's getting worse." She stated simply with a frown.

"I know." Dumbledore replied shortly.

"I told you it was a bad idea to simply lock away that power without monitoring him or letting him know about it."

"I know."

"You've made nothing but mistakes in regards to that boy, Albus."

"I know."

"If we don't find a way to control him, he could very well destroy us all."

"I know."

With somber faces, both professors turned around and headed back to the school, leaving the Aurors and the Ministry to deal with the villagers while Poppy fetched Severus.

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The next day an article was run in the Daily Prophet about the attack. It completely ignored the fact that Death Eaters were there, and simply claimed it as an attack by Dark Lord Potter. Hermione spent her morning in the room of requirement letting out her frustrations and anger on creatures the room created for her.

Chapter 7: Harry Hunting

Severus Snape was working on a very delicate potion for the Dark Lord. He was in his lab in the dungeons of Hogwarts. He smiled at the thought of working for his true master, under the old fool's protection. He swiftly wiped his mind clean again and focused. Any tiny mistake could have horrible consequences. He was so focused on his task that he never noticed another person appear in the room.

Harry smirked as he watched the greasy haired man work. He'd been the bane of his school life. Blaming an eleven year old for something the kid's father had done in his teenage years. The man was a brat. A brat who was about to have one arm. Black flames flickered and then burst around his right arm to form a curved blade.

He smiled and focused on the potions teacher.

Snape yelped as he was jerked off his feet and into the air with his body spread eagle. He began to sweat as he was turned around. His face flushed as he caught site of his attacker.

"Potter." He muttered with disdain.

"Stupid ignorant snake. Thirty points form Slytherin for forgetting to use my first name. Oh and twenty for breathing too loud, and ten more for sweating. I don't like smelling body odor." Harry mocked with a smirk.

Snape's face purpled as he struggled to get out of the spell holding him.

"What do you want?"

Harry smiled as he looked at Snape's left arm.

"I need a Dark Mark to study. I knew you were here, so you were the obvious target. I'll be taking your arm. Then I'll study the magic in the Dark Mark. Then I'm going to use my findings to track your brethren, and I'm going to kill them in all sorts of terribly wonderful ways."

This was said with such casualness that Snape was actually nervous. This was nothing like the rash Griffindor who he had put up with for five years. This was a killer on par with his master. He killed and spoke of it as if it was a dinner conversation topic. It was then that the Potions Master noticed the flame blade around Harry's arm.

"Your mother would be so disappointed in you Potter." Snape spat out with a mad grin.

"Mommy isn't alive to feel such things. I have you to thank for that." Harry's voice and demeanor had completely changed to a cold fury.

"I had planned to simply come and cut your arm off and leave you be. You just reminded me of who it was that heard the prophecy and reported back to Tom. My mother would most likely be alive if you had not heard that prophecy. It is you and you alone, who are responsible for everything that happened that night." Harry spoke with venom.

He slowly let the blade of black flame sink into Snape's left shoulder. He ignored the man's screams as the black fire literally seeped into his veins and began to swim through the current of blood. He gave a push and Snape's left arm fell to the ground. Harry stepped back and watched Snape scream in agony as his body was held spread eagle and black fire burned through his veins. He'd just created that little spell. The fire burned through his veins, swimming with the blood, and coursing through his heart, but it was never enough to kill.

The heat became so intense and his veins and arteries so full of black fire that his veins began appearing through his skin as black lines. His screams reached a high pitched volume just before Harry snapped his fingers and black flame shot out of Snape's eyes and mouth. Snape's body drifted to the ground where bits of it flaked off. His eyes and mouth seemed to be filled with ash, his skin nothing but a husk holding the ash in with his face contorted in immense pain.

Harry smirked as he looked at the husk. He shook his head and turned away, his body turning to mist as he vanished from the lab.

Twenty seconds later the cauldron began to bubble and then exploded. The explosion incinerated the lab and both classrooms

around it, along with waking the entire school, and causing a section of the first two floors to collapse due to the lack of support from the area of the dungeons destroyed in the explosion. Snape's remains would never be found.

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The dozen Death Eaters rushed through the forest surrounding a modest manor. The manor grounds had extraordinary wards, but the anti-apparation wards went several miles farther than the other wards. They had already killed several guard patrols on their way and were preparing to take down the wards. As it was night time, they never noticed the cloud of black mist following along above them.

They approached the edge of the wards and six of them spread out and began chanting. As they worked on the wards the other six spread out to look for any patrols. It took them only a few minutes before they had the wards down and the twelve Death Eaters rushed out of the forest and across the yard of the Minister's manor.

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Amelia Bones was asleep when the alarms connected to her wards tripped. Years of experience had her on her feet, wand in hand, and completely alert with her three signature spells at the front of her mind in a matter of seconds. She blinked and rushed out of her room and down the hall to a door that led to a hidden access to her yard. She'd get behind the intruders and take them out. Unfortunately for her, she never got to do as such, since every door and window leading out of her house was sealed and nothing she tried unlocked them. She ran to a window by her front door and looked out across her yard to the dozen Death Eaters rushing her position. She swallowed and thanked Merlin that Susan was away at school. She caught movement in the corner of her eye. She turned to see black mist appearing right outside her door.

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The twelve Death Eaters were almost to the house and were already casting spells at the manor. They didn't notice the black mist in front

of the door until a black claw grabbed the foremost attacker and crushed him.

They instantly froze, a mistake for them. Lightning erupted from the front door of the manor and plowed into three Death Eaters turning their abdomens to ash and causing their bodies to fall to the ground in two pieces.

It was this point that the screams began. The dying Death Eaters had never experienced their current agony, even at the hands of their master.

A gray burst of magic shot from the shadows of the front door and erupted in front of the standing Death Eaters and two of them were pulled straight towards it. The sphere exploded outward when they were a few inches away. Their bodies were ripped and shredded as they were pushed back with the explosion. Just when their lives were about to end as their bodies neared being ripped to pieces, something sparked in the middle of the spherical explosion. With the sound like a jet engine starting, the explosion was pulled back inwards to where it began, pulling both the still living Death Eaters in with it, crushing and imploding the entire two meter area until nothing was left.

The remaining Death Eaters began to flee but as they turned they came face to face with a Dragon of black fire. It opened its mouth and expelled balls of lightning that shot through the chests of three more, and then swallowed the remaining three before dissipating into nothing.

None of them saw the face of their killer, as he never stepped out of the shadows of the front door. Madame Bones was the only person who saw him, and she'd forever fear the cold face, and amethyst eyes that watched with indifference as their owner slaughtered twelve men with magic she couldn't begin to imagine.

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Several cloaked figures moved swiftly into Knockturn Alley. They strode purposefully and quickly down the alley and through the small number of hags, drunks, and peddlers on their way down it. They

were joined periodically by people standing at a corner or in an small alcove between buildings. The group had amassed to fifteen by the time they reached their destination. They silently entered the surprisingly full pub. They paid no heed to the other customers. Most were criminals of some sort and none would report their presence. They moved swiftly through the tables and into a back room. They never noticed a pair of amethyst eyes at a table in the far right corner watching them.

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Harry watched the large group enter the back room. He chuckled as several other customers got up and followed them in. He shook his head at how much they lacked stealth.

It had been a couple of days since he killed the Death Eaters attacking the Minister's home and a week since he'd taken Snape's arm. The Death Eaters were having several meetings without their master and seemed to be distressed that someone of his power was attacking them. He chuckled at the thought. He'd hunt them all down and kill them, and anyone who got in his way.

He stood as his hair shifted to amethyst and black mist began to surround him. This attracted the attention of the other patrons whose eyes widened. Harry smirked as he looked at them.

"You're all criminals of some sort, though you should never mingle with the likes of those in the back room. Now you'll die along with them."

Before any of the patrons could leave, black flame seared throughout the room, followed by an explosion..

Outside of the pub, peddlers, drunks, and prostitutes fled from the pub as it exploded and burned with black fire. None of them saw a amethyst eyed figured walk out of the burning building.

He was wearing dark blue pants, a black shirt and a dark blue knee length jacket with a hood. He slowly lifted the hood over his head and obscured his face and then let his hands fall to his sides. With a casual gait he moved out of the dark alley and into the brighter sites

of Diagon Alley all the while whistling the tune to a Weird Sister's song.

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Damien Montrose was a well bred pureblood. He'd gone to Durmstrang, had a lineage that stretched to Merlin on both sides of his family, and had a beautiful pureblood wife and three perfect pureblood daughters attending his old school. He was a staunch supporter of Voldemort, and while not marked himself, was a financial backer. He was currently throwing a dinner party with five other couples, three of which were marked Death Eaters. The dinner had gone perfectly and now they were relaxing to music and conversation. His last thoughts on earth were whether or not the Notts would agree to a marriage arrangement between their son and one of his daughters. He, along with Mr. Nott, were incinerated by a black bolt of lightning that, oddly enough, slammed through a wall.

The remaining ten party goers jumped in shock. The wives of the two incinerated men wailed in surprised grief at where their husbands had stood not a second before. Both were quick to join them when a rain of black fire showered down on them from the ceiling.

The others all drew their wands and pointed to the middle of the room where a cloud of black mist was appearing.

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Harry appeared in the middle of the heavily damaged room and was greeted by eight killing curses. He chuckled as he maneuvered around the curses. One of them hit a mirror, and to his immense surprise, reflected right back at him. He was too shocked to move, but luckily for him it was off by a few inches and sped past him, hitting an equally surprised caster.

Harry turned and looked at the fallen body with a baffled expression.

"That curse can be reflected with a mirror?" He asked in surprise.

"How the hell did that never happen before?" A female member of the casters asked in surprise.

"No clue. That's damn weird." Harry said with a laugh.

He waved his hand and instantly all seven remaining members of the party were lifted into the air with their bodies bound tightly. Harry smiled and pointed at two. A gray blast later and they were both stuck to opposite walls. With a twist of his wrist thirteen daggers appeared around him. He made a shooting motion with his hand and seven of the thirteen shot straight into one of the floating members. He gurgled before falling limp. He was quickly turned upside down, and a rope manifested around his ankles and tied him to the chandelier on the ceiling. With a nod Harry turned to the woman who had asked how the reflection of a curse could happen.

He manifested a blade of black flame around his right arm and thrust it forward into her stomach. She screamed as the black fire poured into her veins. Harry watched quietly as his custom brutal death spell went through its course. Eventually black flame shot out of her eyes and her mouth and she was left an ash filled husk like Snape.

He looked at the others, and losing his enthusiasm, simply cut them with his black firebrand. As they were screaming he waved and the two on the walls rushed at each other until they meshed together with a squelching splash.

Harry sighed as his body began turning into mist.

"One more stop and then Tommy should be moving. I've prodded enough."

OoOoOoOo

Hermione sighed as she looked at the letter in her hand. Harry had sent it shortly after the events in Hogsmeade. He told her he would be busy and that he wouldn't be able to write anymore. She shook her head and looked at the Daily Prophet.

It was filled with stories of attacks on Death Eaters, supposedly by Harry, though there were never any eye witnesses who said he was there.

It was supper time and just as she began filing her plate, the hall grew unnerving quiet. She looked up and inhaled sharply.

A cloud of black mist was appearing in the middle of the Great Hall.

It slowly turned into a human shape and then into a figure in dark blue. A hooded jacket obscured their face. Slowly the hands lifted and lowered the hood, revealing amethyst colored hair as several students cried out in surprise. She vaguely noticed Ron faint and slide off the bench, but her attention was on Harry.

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As Harry materialized in the Great Hall he quietly laughed. He looked around and lowered his hood. He was amused at the fear they felt towards him. It reminded him of his second year when he was the big bad heir of Slytherin.

He reached into a pocket on his jacket and pulled out a black sphere that seemed to be made of glass. He looked up at Dumbledore and began to speak.

"This sphere is filled with black mist. It's the mist I can make and it causes the bodies it touches to rot away. I have charmed the mist in this sphere to expand and spread and seek out one thing. The Dark Mark. It's range is only the grounds of this school. I am not as naïve as Dumbledore. I know at least twenty of you are marked.

"This will seek out those who wear the psycho's brand, and it will rot away their flesh until they're nothing. It will be very painful. If any of you decide to take the mark after this, well, you'll fit right in with their insanity and foolishness."

Finished with his speech, Harry dropped the sphere and it shattered upon impact with the ground. Black mist began to seep forth and a shocked crowd swept their eyes towards it.

Harry turned and looked into Hermione's eyes. With a soft smile he turned to mist and vanished.

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Tears flowed down Hermione's face as she watched mist seek out over thirty students and two teachers. Students from all four houses. They were covered in the mist and their screams filled the Great Hall. It lasted a half hour. A half hour where nobody could leave the Great Hall regardless of how hard the Staff tried. When the Great Hall doors opened again, Hermione let out a sob and fled through the doors.

One thing was made sure of that night. Nobody who witnessed the events in the Great Hall, would ever take a mark of any kind for the rest of their lives.

Chapter 8: Diagon Alley Deaths

Hermione sighed as she sat in a large lazy boy with her legs curled under her. She'd been working on a letter to Harry for days. She'd been spending all of her free time in the room of requirement trying to put her feelings into words.

It had been almost a week since Harry had set loose that spell in the Great Hall. She'd watched it seek out people she'd known for six years and rot their bodies slowly until they died screaming in their own blood, urine, and waste. Malfoy, Goyle, Crabbe, Parkinson, Nott, some younger years and a seventh she didn't know from Slytherin, Ernie from Hufflepuff, several other Hufflepuffs from different years, a surprisingly large amount of Ravenclaws, and a few Gryffindors, to her horror, one of which being Lavender Brown. It was more disturbing than every war tale she'd ever heard. She'd seen a side of Harry that night that made her truly realize that it wasn't Harry in control anymore. It wasn't possible, and power alone couldn't corrupt Harry to create something like that.

"There has to be something more than just the power, not even power can corrupt Harry this much." She whispered as she chewed on the tip of the quill.

She was unaware that she was being watched by a silvery woman resting just inside the wall behind her. Sympathetic eyes were observing her attempts at a letter and her attempts to figure out what caused such a dramatic shift in Harry's actions.

"Perhaps the boy has more than one face." The silver woman whispered.

Hermione jumped in surprise and shifted around launching a spell from her hand on a reflex she didn't know she had. Another thing she'd have to get use to with advanced powers.

The spell blasted right through the ghostly woman and blew apart the wall she was hiding in. The ghost laughed as she drifted into the room while the magic of the room of requirement fixed itself.

"Violent reflexes, my dear, always keep you alive, but they are a danger to everyone around you. Learn to control them." The ghost scolded as she settled herself in a chair across from Hermione.

"You're the Grey Lady." Hermione stated as she stared at the amused ghost.

"Indeed, and you are Hermione Granger. Should have been in Ravenclaw, but you are too stubborn to be anything but a Gryffindor." The Grey Lady said as she rolled her eyes.

"I don't see anything wrong with being in Gryffindor. Your house had as many marked students as Slytherin, more actually! It isn't like it's some noble place to be." Hermione growled out.

"Don't snap at me little girl, that has nothing to do with my comment. I have been around for nearly a thousand years. I have watched dark wizards and witches come from every house of Hogwarts, and I have watched light wizards and witches come from every house. Do not talk about houses producing dark witches and wizards, they are not made by houses. They are made from Societies, families, and simply being a dark person." The Grey Lady snapped angrily.

Hermione blushed and looked at the floor as she sat back into her chair. She slowly lifted her head as The Grey Lady continued to speak.

"I have seen a situation similar to what your Harry seems to be going through. I have only followed the situation through news paper clippings, but I remember the boy who spent five years here and these things do not sound like something he would have done.

"Perhaps he has more than one face. A person who has many faces must let each face have control from time to time. The goal is not to give back control to one, even with control they will not be complete. You must unite the faces back into a single face and then your problems will be over and the boy will be himself.

"Though the Harry you know may very well have been an incomplete one. There is no telling how long his other face or faces may have been hidden away. I do not know how they could have been created,

but he shows many signs of having more than one face. Fix the split and make them one and you will have him back to his true self. That is all the help I will give you. You must find a way to do this yourself. I pray that you are more successful than the last girl in your position.

“Goodbye Hermione, I hope you do not treat everyone who offers help this way because you will not get it that often with such an attitude.” The Grey Lady scowled at the bushy haired girl before falling through the floor.

Hermione blinked and looked at where The Grey Lady had just been.

“Many faces...” Hermione mumbled as she looked back down at the paper in her lap.

“Faces...faces...Personalities!” Hermione finished with a shout.

“Multiple personalty disorder. Maybe...it would explain the extreme violence. People who develop MPD often have a strong aggressive personality that protects the others with extreme fanaticism.” Hermione muttered to herself.

Her first impulse was to rush to Dumbledore and explain her theory, but quickly shook herself off of that idea.

“This whole problem started because of Dumbledore's inability to make good decisions in stressful situations.” Hermione muttered to herself.

“I'll figure this out on my own.” She promised as she put the letter aside and went to the bookshelf she just had the room create.

She pulled off two books on mental disorders and one on mind magics. She set herself down at a newly created table and began studying. She would learn as much as she could about this theory before acting on anything.

oOoOoOoOo

Dearest Harry,

I have been trying to get my feelings down in this letter for days. I still don't think I've gotten it out the right way, but I decided to just write what came to me.

I've had trouble dealing with the stories of everything you've done. Terrible things like the deaths of the bounty hunters, the murder of Minister Fudge, and that terrible tsunami you conjured that killed so many innocents. I had trouble dealing with it, but I got through it because I was deluding myself into thinking there had to be another side to it. Seeing what you did to those people in the Great Hall a week ago has made the truth all too clear to me and that hurts.

The truth I couldn't bring myself to face was the fact that there is no other side to slaughter. What you've been doing is terrible and I can't pretend there is some greater reasoning behind it. You may not have joined Voldemort, but you are just as evil and even more destructive. This brought another startling realization to me.

You're not Harry any more, not my Harry at least. My Harry would never have done the things you have. He would've killed, but not indiscriminately as you have. I've realized that, in the words of The Grey Lady, you have more than one face. The face I've known as my Harry is either merging with a more evil face, or is losing control entirely. You're not my Harry anymore and I can't keep making excuses for you. I have to accept that the face in control is evil.

I want you to know though Harry, if you can read this as your other face does, I will save you. I don't know how yet, but I will find a way to give you back control. I'll merge your many faces into one, and then we will deal with what's been happening. Until then, fight for control my Harry, resist the things you've been doing. I will save you, believe in me.

Forever yours,

Hermione Granger

Harry stared down at the letter in his hands with watery eyes. His hair was flashing from black to amethyst as his eyes flashed from green to amethyst. His expression would also change, from longing and sorrow when his eyes were green and his hair black, to being angry

when they were amethyst colored. Finally the cycling stopped with a black haired, green eyed Harry shook his head.

"Hermione..." he whispered as his eyes drifted once again over the paper, "You've always believed in me, I will do the same for you."

He let out a grunt and then a scream as he dropped the letter and clutched his head with both hands.

"No damn it!" he shouted as he fell to his knees and slammed his head into the ground ignoring the fearful looks nearby muggles were giving him.

Finally after several minutes of pounding his head on the ground and muttered to himself with color changing hair and eyes, his hair settled amethyst with matching eyes. He stopped banging his head, shook it once, and stood up. He heard sirens coming and glared at the nearby muggles causing them to back away in fear.

He bent down and picked up the letter from Hermione and looked it over again.

"I don't want to be fixed. I like the way things are. You've always gotten yourself into puzzles to solve. The Stone, The Chamber, The Tournament, everything. Always trying to find a new puzzle to work out. You wont do that with me this time. I'll kill you if I have to." Harry said to the letter before crumpling it up and tossing it to the side while lighting it on fire.

He turned and walked away from the burning letter and faded to black mist as the police rounded a nearby corner. He had things to do.

OooOoOoOo

Hermione groaned as she entered her room. Somebody had gotten brave. She'd spent close to two weeks alone since Lavender's death and Parvati's migration to Padma's dorm. Somebody in Gryffindor finally matched the stereotype and went into her room, *The Dark Room* as they call it, and destroyed everything she owned. Her clothes were strewn around the room torn and ripped, her books were burnt in a pile and everything else she owned, small bits of jewelery

and gifts from her parents, were shattered and broken. Tears welled in her eyes as she slid to her knees. She pulled them up and wrapped her arms around her legs, pulling them against her chest and cried. She slowly started to rock forwards and backwards as she looked around the room with tearful eyes.

OooOoOoOo

Hermione took a deep breath and knocked on the office door of her Head of House.

“Come In.”

Hermione cleared her face and with a quick exhale she opened the door and shut it behind her. Her Head of House looked up at her curiously.

“What can I do for you tonight Miss Granger?” Professor McGonagall questioned as she set aside a paper she had been grading.

“Somebody went into my room, which I've spent the last two weeks sleeping in alone, and burned or destroyed all of my things.” Hermione said with a carefully empty expression.

The Head of Gryffindor had a confused look on her face.

“Someone from my house destroyed all of your things?” she asked incredulously.

Hermione frowned and shifted her eyes to the side as she answered,

“It seems it was somebody from our house, and most likely a girl seeing as how the stairs react to guys. They destroyed or burned everything: clothes, books, jewelery, everything I owned. If Crookshanks had been in there at the time, I fear he would have been killed as well. Being a *dark witch's* cat and all.” Hermione spat out with bitterness.

Minerva frowned as she took in that information. It was disappointing that her own house could do such things.

“Very well Miss Granger. You'll be exempt from lessons tomorrow and I will take you to Diagon Alley to replace what we can. The school will pay for it, as this was done on school grounds and the perpetrator is unknown. I'll come and fetch you after breakfast. Goodnight.”

Hermione nodded and quickly left to return to her room. She spent the hours leading up to curfew cleaning the remains of her belongings and making a list of things she needed.

OooOoOoOo

Hermione toyed with her breakfast as she waiting for it to end and for Professor McGonagall to fetch her. She'd spent the morning avoiding her house mates and was ignoring their comments and glares, thinking they had the right to destroy gifts she'd been given by loved ones.

“Children of the Light, House of the honorable. Ha! And I want to marry Fleur.” Hermione muttered to herself as she thought of her house mates.

Her thoughts drifted to Fleur and her former school. 'Maybe I should go to school in France. They want Harry dead, but they couldn't care less about me. They're not the type to use scape goats.' The brunette shook her head to get rid of the thoughts and sighed gratefully when she saw McGonagall rise from the staff table. Pushing aside her plate she stood and joined the Deputy Headmistress as they made their way to the gates where the professor apparated them to Diagon Alley.

oOoOoOoOo

Hermione was enjoying herself as she drifted through the aisles of the bookstore. One of the places she felt comfortable these days, surrounded by books. 'Merlin, I'm a nerd.' She thought to herself with a chuckle.

Her peaceful browsing was interrupted by an explosion that shook the shop and knocked several shelves of books on top of her. Screams soon followed as well as the sounds of curses and the lights of spell fire filtering in through the windows.

Hermione sat with an aggravated look on her face, surrounded by books, and several bruises forming. She stood up and walked out the door of the store and into chaos.

Death Eaters had decided the morning rush would be a great chance to attack. Lots of innocent victims. 'Savages' She thought with disgust. She looked around at people running, seemingly forgetting that they too held the power to wield magic. 'Cowards' She thought with disdain. Then she saw something that caused her to snap.

A Death Eater was holding a wand on a young boy no older than six, who was looking up fearfully at the masked terrorist while his mother laid before him with her chest cut open. Her hands started to shake and her eyes burned a fiery orange. People around froze and looked at her in awe and fear as her hair shifted to a burning red, brighter than any Weasley. She didn't notice the change, nor her Head of House a few feet away staring in awe.

'Just like Harry's transformation, only she's of age. That night with that strange bird song! I asked Albus but he said not to be concerned. It was her awakening...how strong can she be? A muggleborn who's potential was never tested...amazing' the Transfiguration Professor thought to herself as she stared at her student.

Hermione's vision was solely on the Death Eater. He'd taken that boy's mother from him, just as their master had taken Lily from Harry. It had to stop. They had to be stopped. She couldn't allow this to happen. Hermione Granger had found her resolve to take life. With a flash she was gone from where she stood.

She appeared next to the Death Eater pointing his wand at the boy. She grasped his arm in a vice grip causing him to gasp and let go of his wand. He turned to her and she heard him grunt.

"Mudblood!" He spat through his mask.

Hermione frowned and willed her magic. Flames erupted up the man's arm and in a second he was screaming as the flames consumed him. Her aura flared a red orange as she turned to the thirty or so other Death Eaters filling the Alley and the two giants who were clumsily crashing about.

"None of you filth are fit to live. You're worthless trash and I'll be taking you out." She said evenly.

With a flash she appeared between three of them. With movements that were a blur to everyone watching she slammed her fist into one's chest, an open palm into the face of another, and let loose a blast of concentrated air with a kick to the stomach of the last. They flew off in three different directions leaving blood and screams in their wake.

The remaining Death Eaters watched her warily as she stood straight where she was in between the previous three. Her movements had been too fast for any of them to follow. Some tried to leave via portkey and apparation, only to find they couldn't. Their fear began to rise and one brave one cast a spell at her. It vanished a foot from her body.

She turned to the one who had cast the spell and smiled innocently. It disturbed everyone who saw it. The man suddenly found himself flying straight towards the glowing girl. Hermione only smiled as she watched him fly towards her. She lifted her right arm let loose a quickly formed fireball straight at him. It connected with him five feet from her and burst into a column of fire that was several feet wide and twenty feet tall. When it died out there was nothing left.

She giggled and turned to the remaining Death Eaters, who in all their wisdom, clustered together. She ignored them temporarily and formed a rather large ball of fire that caused them to shrink into each other. She vanished and appeared between the two giants holding the three feet wide sphere of fire. She gripped it with two hands and pulled them apart so she had one in each hand. The giants stared at her dumbly as she smiled and spun quickly in a circle releasing the two spheres towards them. The balls connected with the giants' faces and erupted into two identical pillars of fire. She let herself float down and land softly on the ground and stared at the remaining Death Eaters who were wishing they'd been able to get away, but Diagon Alley had few exits and the stores had been locked up with the people hiding inside.

Hermione walked slowly towards the Death Eaters, her hips swaying in the snug black robes she'd bought that same day. Her walk was

uncharacteristically sensual as she smiled seductively at the masked crowd.

"Come now boys and girls, there's no need to be scared." The orange eyed girl mocked.

The group stepped back every time she stepped forwards. She grinned again and a wall of fire erupted behind them halting their retreat. She tilted her head and the wall extended and wrapped around the group until they were all enclosed in a circle of fire that rose thirty feet. She grinned and waved at them.

"Bye!" She said cheerfully as the wall closed in and the Alley was again filled with screams.

She looked around with a sigh.

"It's all right to come out now. They're all gone." She said, but still she saw nobody come out.

She was about to just flash away when McGonagall came running out of a nearby store where she'd been dragged by a crowd of fleeing people.

"Hermione! My order medallion was set off minutes ago with the most severe alert. Everyone was told that if it went off they were to drop everything they were doing and report to Hogwarts because it would mean that the school was under siege!" She shouted in a panic.

Hermione gasped in surprise and ran to the Professor, grabbed her arm and then she used her powers to flash them to the entrance hall, startling some 7th year students standing guard. She turned and gasped, the teachers and members of the order were just outside the entrance hall facing a large army just outside the gates. The sky was filled with dark clouds blocking out the sun. Hermione would swear there were at least a thousand people in the army. Werewolves, Vampires, Death Eaters, Merlin knows what else.

'What did the Ministry expect?' Hermione thought as she stared at the army. 'They take a third of Magical Britain's population and ostracize them, leaving them no choice but to join Voldemort. Fools.' Hermione

knew that the reason the army was so large was because the werewolves and vampires had nobody else to side with. Voldemort's side was the only one that allowed them to live without registering themselves like cattle.

"Merlin help us." Minerva said as she slowly walked forward to join Dumbledore. Hermione swallowed and looked around at the frightened students. She took a deep breath and stepped out of the doors, ignoring the professor's protests. None of the Professors had noticed Hermione's change in appearance.

Hermione turned and faced the students in the entrance Hall.

"If that army makes it through these doors, forget the laws. Survival matters first and foremost. AK the sons of bitches en masse. All it takes is hate, think of what they would do to your mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins. Think of what they have already done. Murdered innocents. Raped girls, taking their innocence. They're evil, siding with evil. Your lives are worth more than theirs. AK them, nobody will fault you. Tell everyone in the Great Hall the same, assemble them all around the hall on the stairs and floors above. They can't throw hundreds of kids in prison for defending themselves." She finished, every word demanding obedience.

The kids looked surprised, but most of them hardened and nodded as they stared at her and then the army behind her. She smiled approvingly and then the doors slammed shut and blended into the wall of the castle. The professors gasped behind her. She turned around and stared at them, stopping on Dumbledore.

"They planned a decoy. Diagon Alley was attacked a bit ago. The Aurors are probably just now responding. The Death Eaters didn't expect to be beaten, but I was there and I was angry. They're all dead." She stopped and stared Dumbledore in the eyes.

"I'm stronger than all of you. You know it. I'm fighting. I'm going to kill them all." She said this as simple fact.

The professors swallowed and nodded. They all turned faced the army. They readied themselves as they felt the backlash of magic as

the wards fell and the army stormed through the gates and walls surrounding the school grounds.

'Harry, if you're out there please come. I need you.'

Chapter 9: Body and Soul

Hermione watched the army approach and the defenders tense. She scoffed at the assortment of defenders, most were untrained and didn't have battle experience nor enough power to last long. She doubted they could use the magic needed to kill the multitudes of people. She'd have to narrow down the numbers.

Hermione closed her eyes and let her magic reach out. The majority of Voldemort's army was made up of the outcasts of the wizarding world. Werewolves and vampires were there in the hundreds. She would need to cut down their numbers.

She snapped her eyes open and lifted her right hand, which was already covered by a bright orange glow which grew brighter by the second. They managed to create clouds to block the sunlight, she would make a sun below the clouds. With a flick of her wrist the glow shot a hundred feet up and exploded in a bright blast rivaling the sun in intensity. When the flash died out the glow was only slightly less severe. She'd created a miniature sun. With a grin she turned to look past the shocked defenders and stared at the now stationary and smaller army.

She could sense that there were still vampires out there, but the majority of them had been taken by surprise. Most people aren't able to conjure an imitation sun in the midst of a siege. The ground was covered in dust and the air was filled with the smell of flash fried flesh. That kept the army wary and the sun still in the sky kept the remaining vampires from movingly with their previous swiftness.

Hermione grinned at the army and flash stepped to a spot several dozen feet away from the army. She closed her eyes and put her hands at her side. She took a deep breath and exhaled as she lifted her hands. As her hands rose a dense fog seemed to rise from the earth. It made the entire front of the invading army to back away with savage snarls and growls.

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"Why did she summon fog?" Minerva questioned as she stared in bewilderment, "It will hamper us as well as them."

Remus, who found himself snarling at the cloud, was the one to answer.

"It's not really a cloud. It's a mist of tiny silver particles. For a werewolf, walking into that mist would be like walking into a fire. That mist will stop any werewolf from passing and since most of the remaining front attackers are werewolves, she effectively stopped their advance. That mist covers the entire width of grounds."

Dumbledore hummed as he watched the mist stabilize.

"Remus you stay here, the rest of you follow me. We're going to hide in the mist and attack from it. They'll be fighting blind but we won't be." He ordered.

Everyone nodded and together they advanced into the mist to aid Hermione in the fight.

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Hermione grinned as she looked at the werewolves in front of her. They were regarding her warily and why wouldn't they; she can create a cloud of silver mist of enormous size. They didn't want to get too close in case she made another cloud of silver mist, but they knew they needed to go past her to kill Dumbledore's men and get into the school. Not doing so would get them punished or killed by the dark lord, but going forward they would have to fight a powerful witch who could just conjure up their weakness at will. It was a lose lose for them and they were trying to decide what the lesser of two evils was. The fact that the red haired, orange eyed witch was grinning at them wickedly just made it harder to decide.

The werewolves were caught by surprise when a spray of spells came shooting out of the mist and hitting several of the fighters in the front. They angrily responded by firing their own volley of spells into the silver mist. Their attention was again caught by Hermione as their spells approached the mist. Their spells vanished into rippling air just as they passed Hermione. The fighters in the mist, who began firing regularly into the army, were never touched by the spells.

Hermione giggled mockingly at the werewolves as they grew frustrated at their inability to fight back and had to throw up shields. She lifted her right hand and focused her magic. Her hand began to glow orange and she let it go. A three meter wide spearhead of fire flew into the crowd of fighters, plowing several dozen meters into their ranks, and then exploding outward for several meters in all directions. She was immediately assaulted by over a hundred spells that only just vanished before hitting her. She grinned and lifted her hand again, but before she could fire another spell she was hit by a green crescent shaped wave that threw her into the mist with a yell of pain.

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Hermione groaned as she sat up and held her chest. She looked up and lifted an eyebrow as McGonagall and Dumbledore were staring at her in surprise.

"I got hit by some green spell from the side. It had a lot of power in it, but I didn't recognize it. I think it was just a blast of raw magic. I don't really think it was a spell at all." Hermione said with a curious tone and a lifted eyebrow.

They were all startled as the mist abruptly vanished. They looked around quickly before they heard a scream from one of the other order members. They turned in that direction and gasped as they saw the cause of the green wave and the vanishing of the mist.

Voldemort was standing at the front of his remaining fighters with a cold smile on his face. He had a faint pale green aura and a large pale green snake coiled loosely around him. He was staring right at Hermione and made a mocking bow to her.

"Hello Miss Granger. You've proven to be a rather strong inconvenience. I'm going to kill you and perhaps it will draw out our dear Harry. I'm sure he'd be upset if his whore was killed." The grotesque man said as he began to approach her.

Dumbledore reacted as the Dark Lord came closer and fired a spell at him. To the old man's shock, his spell vanished as neared the Dark Lord. He fired again with the same results.

Voldemort laughed at the old man as he watched the spells vanish. This power made him invincible. No magic could touch him if he didn't allow it. He grinned as he threw a sphere of green magic that tossed the old man back several meters to crash into the ground with the sounds of cracking bones. He turned back to Hermione, but only saw a flash before he was filled with pain.

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Hermione had been filled with rage from the moment she eyed the snake of a wizard. She didn't hear his boastful taunt nor did she notice Dumbledore getting blasted. She was eying Voldemort with hate filled, glowing, hellish eyes and a red-orange aura that generated immense heat surrounded her and scorched the ground around her.

Everything that had happened to Harry was Voldemort's fault. He caused everything bad to happen. He killed Harry's parents which left him in an abusive environment. He continuously attacked Harry over his years at Hogwarts which endangered his life and made it even more important to Dumbledore to keep Harry at his abusive relatives' home. He caused the death of Cedric and Sirius, both of which left scars on Harry. Most of all it was because of him and his minions that Harry's powers awoke early and he began to loose himself. He was the reason she was loosing her Harry.

Her aura grew denser and brighter as fury filled her. She watched as the snake of a wizard turned to her and immediately flash stepped. She appeared kneeling in front of him and thrust her right hand into his stomach. Boiling heat was pouring out of her hand and covering his stomach. The boiling heat began to twist around him, growing up to his chest and around to his back. She smiled as he screamed, but frowned as she noticed his green aura begin to battle against the expanding heat wave.

The two had attracted the attention of everyone on the battlefield. The Dark Lord's Forces and The Defenders of Hogwarts watched in awe as the two powerful fighters battled. The magic pouring out of the two was astounding and enough to thicken the air and increase the pressure of the air around them.

It was an interesting battle in terms of who the two were. The leader of the pure blood movement and a muggleborn witch. They were the two extremes of the war.

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Voldemort growled as he focused his aura and magic to fight against the painful heat wave trying to expand around his body. He slowly gained ground and isolated the heat wave to his sides and stomach. It was taking too much effort to hold it, if the mudblood kept sending the same amount of force into it, then he wouldn't be able to keep it isolated. He needed to break contact.

Struggling to keep focus so he doesn't lose ground, Voldemort gathered magic into his hands and thrust them into Hermione's face. She screamed as the magic split her face open and threw her back.

She hit the ground and curled into herself screaming as her hands rushed to her face, where blood was pouring from.

Her face had been split up the center and peeled back slightly with over two dozen smaller cuts covering her face that were all peeled loose. The magic Voldemort used was targeted to cut open her skin, peel it back away from the muscles, and pour in an acidic compound that ate away at the muscles.

Voldemort grinned at the girl as she continued to scream in pain. His recently gained power was immense. He heard the stories of Harry's battles and the powers he wielded. Voldemort worked long and hard to find ways to replicate the powers for himself. He had succeeded and was not disappointed. Unfortunately for him, modern muggle warfare proved that though cheap copies of powers and weapons were strong and effective, they were nothing when placed against the original. Hermione's power was natural for her, while Voldemort's was unnatural and alien to him. Voldemort realized that there was more to Hermione's power when she suddenly stopped screaming and was simply breathing heavily.

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Hermione's breath came fast and hard. Her face was resting in a pool of her own blood, but her sweat had washed most of it off her face. The cuts that were covering her face were healed, the skin reattached to her muscles, and the acidic compound dispersed by her magic. At that moment, Hermione would highly debate the fact that the cruciatus curse caused the most pain. That experience had been excruciating.

After her breathing regulated and her body was no longer pouring out sweat like rain from clouds, she stood on shaky legs and turned a hateful glare at Voldemort as she flared her aura.

"That really bloody hurt!" Hermione shouted as she quickly turned towards Voldemort.

She threw her right arm forward releasing a wave of white fire and followed it with her left arm which threw a large sphere of white fire. Both flew with high speed at Voldemort's surprised form.

Voldemort's eyes were wide and his hands slightly shaky. He couldn't believe that the mudblood had healed her wounds and moved past his damaging attack in mere minutes. It was insulting to the amount of time he spent creating that spell. He was in such a state of frustrated surprise that he almost missed the approaching white fire attacks.

He threw up his hands and moved his magic into a shield surrounding him. The wave crashed into the shield and wrapped around it before dispersing. As the wave hit the shield, the heat pushed through and burnt away the sleeves of Voldemort's robes and left his skin blistered. He kept the shield up against the sphere of white fire.

When the white fire hit the shield it exploded apart like a drop of water splashing apart. The large and small bits that splashed apart stuck to whatever they touched. Voldemort let his shield down too early and the parts of white fire that splashed up above him, rained down and stuck to him. He screamed as his skin blistered and burnt. He ripped his robes off leaving him in loose pants as he clawed at the flames stuck to his skin. He had to rip chunks of skin out to get the sticking fire off.

When he finally got the fire all off Voldemort was breathing heavily as blood poured from the wounds. He focused his magic to heal himself, but it took much more power and effort than it had for Hermione. Her magic reacted instinctively to heal her, but Voldemort's had to be forced to heal him.

Voldemort reached a startling conclusion as he thought about his fight with the mudblood. He couldn't win by firing powerful spells and having strong shields. She would defeat him, but it wouldn't make sense. Potter was the one prophesied to defeat him. That meant there was a way to defeat this girl, regardless of her being stronger than him. Only Potter had the ability to defeat him, only Potter was his equal. He decided to play to his strengths. His strongest ability, the one he was most known for by his followers and enemies, was legilimency. The girl had no history of knowing it or occlumency. That would be his winning tool. With a grin he faced the girl, prepared to win.

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The crowded grounds of Hogwarts were still outside of the battle between Hermione and Voldemort. The defenders of Hogwarts watched in awe at Hermione's ability to combat Voldemort and not loose energy or stamina while Voldemort seemed to be weakening. The Death Eaters and servants of Voldemort watched in awe, horror, and incredulity as a mudblood humiliated their master.

None of them, on either side, could believe what they were seeing. Both fighters were releasing immense magical pressure, but as Voldemort grew weaker, Hermione seemed to be growing stronger as the battle went on. It was as if her magic was growing and adapting from the fighting with such a high powered enemy.

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Voldemort watched the fire using witch carefully as they stood across from each other, waiting for the other to make a move. Voldemort was focusing his magic to his mind as he prepared to use the only thing that could really help him win this fight.

He got his opportunity as Hermione lifted her eyes to his. He smirked and let his magic loose while activating his legilimency and forcing his way into her unguarded mind. He entered and found her mind surprisingly organized. He smirked and let his magic loose in a fierce storm that shook and scattered her mind. He pulled out and smiled at his success. It had taken only moments, but the girl was on her knees holding her head.

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Hermione was growing frustrated. Voldemort wasn't making a move and she was wary to make one herself. After several minutes of watching his movements, Hermione lifted her eyes to his. That was her worst mistake throughout the battle. In seconds she felt the breach of her mind. She felt his tainted magic rush into her mind and scatter it. It brought more pain than his attack on her face had.

She fell to her knees, her mind filled with confusion and fear. Nothing made sense as she gripped her head. She felt pain, but couldn't see or hear. She shook her head and tried to understand what was happening as her mind was ripped apart and scattered around.

She felt herself grabbed roughly and she unseeingly swung at the groper without success. She felt even more fear and confusion fill her as her stomach was cut open and she felt blood flowing out. She losing her sense of self when she was suddenly cloaked in an immense magical pressure that her own magic reacted to. She felt the wound in her stomach close and her sight and hearing slowly began to clear. Her mind began reordering itself and the confusion and fear began to leave her. She felt the hands holding her before vanish. She blinked several times as blurry figures began to clear.

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Voldemort grinned as he rushed over and grabbed the mentally injured girl up. He took great pleasure in using his magic to split her stomach open. He laughed at her groan of pain. He would have done more, but was assaulted by an immense magical pressure that dwarfed his own terribly.

He was having trouble breathing and turned to find out what was causing it. His eyes widened and his jaw dropped as he saw the source. His hands dropped Hermione as he watched cold, powerful green eyes glare into his. He had a short memory flash of similar glaring green eyes when he killed the Potter woman. It made him flinch then, and they made him flinch now.

Harry Potter stood on air a dozen feet above ground not very far from Voldemort. He glared as his amethyst colored dragon roared and swirled around him. His power was fear inducing and had Voldemort frozen.

Harry moved faster than the snake could track and gripped his throat. The green eyed wizard lifted Voldemort off the ground and glared into his eyes.

"I'm going to erase you from existence today," Harry stated as his hand began to glow a dark purple.

"Not before I burn his body to ash!" Hermione screamed in Fury.

Voldemort felt the pain, but was unable to respond to it. Hermione's hand was covered in a bright red-orange glow as she thrust her hand through Voldemort's back and out his chest just below the ribcage.

The viewers looked on in shock as the glow on Hermione's arm turned to flames that wrapped around the dark lord and swirled like a fiery twister. Voldemort screamed as his body was destroyed, again, and he felt his spirit being stripped away from his burning body. As the dark lord's body fell to ash on the ground, everyone watching gasped in surprise.

Voldemort's soul was full formed in the same shape as his body. It was a disgusting blackish gray color and gave off the feeling of taint. Hermione pulled her hand away as Harry held tightly to the spirit of the dark lord.

"I told you that I was going to erase you Tom. Your spirit is tainted horribly, but it keeps your spirit on this plane and keeps it able to gain a new body. To fully eliminate you, I need to destroy your spirit. I'm going to do that and you'll be gone from existence, never to bother

the world again. Goodbye.” Harry explained as his purple glowing hand slid into the spirit's chest.

Voldemort's soul emitted a horrible screeching as purple seemed to filter in and consume the black soul. When the soul was fully encased in purple, it seemed to solidify into an actual amethyst jewel. The spirit's face was frozen in horror and pain. It's mouth twisted in a scream, it's eyes wide and strained.

Harry nodded as he looked it over and then thrust his hand through it, causing it to shatter to pieces. He then pulled fire from the amethyst dragon and burnt away the crumbled pieces of the jeweled soul. The soul of Tom Riddle was erased from existence, neither going to the after life, nor remaining on the plane of the living.

Harry let out a strong breath and turned to Hermione.

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Hermione watched Harry finish off Voldemort. It was the first time she took notice of a difference in Harry. His hair was black, his eyes were green, and his dragon aura was purple. The last time she'd seen him let his power out, his hair and eyes were purple and his dragon was black. As Harry destroyed the last bits of Voldemort's soul and turned to her, Hermione spoke.

“Harry? Is that you?”

Harry grinned as he walked over to her.

“Yeah, I managed to take full control.”

“How?”

“You called for me. You needed me and I sensed it when he was about to kill you when he scrambled your mind.”

“Are you in control for good?”

“I don't know.”

Hermione frowned, but threw herself into Harry's arms and hugged him tightly. She turned up to him and felt her power leave her. Her hair and eyes returned to normal. She smiled and pressed her lips against Harry's while she knew he was there. She didn't know how long Harry would have control, he wasn't even sure, so she wanted to hold him while he was there.

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Hermione and Harry stood together near the stairs leading into the now safe school. With the fall of Voldemort, the invading army surrendered to the Ministry forces that had arrived at the back of the army.

Hermione was very happy and was resting her head on Harry's shoulder while his arm was around her waist. She was taking advantage of the time she had, and letting herself think it might just last a while.

She'd been told by McGonagall that Dumbledore wanted to speak to her. He knew Harry wouldn't go near him. She also knew he wanted to talk to her about her power and why she hadn't told him how far along she'd gone in it. He probably wanted to turn her into a means of control for Harry. Like hell she would let that happen. She wouldn't be used and she surely wouldn't be used to control Harry. Her peace with Harry was shattered by members of the Ministry. It shouldn't have come as a surprise to her, but it did.

Several squadrons of Ministry Aurors approached them, wands drawn, and surrounded her and Harry where they were standing near the doors to the Entrance Hall. Hermione frowned as she questioned them.

"What do you want?"

"Quiet traitor. If you weren't protected by Dumbledore we'd take you as well," The pompous lead auror stated.

Harry frowned, his eyes flashing purple and staying that way. This fool thought he could take him? He should have known. He saved their asses and they attempt to arrest him.

“Harry James Potter you are under arrest for mass murder of innocents, crimes against wizards and witches, inciting panic, and forcing hundreds of diseased witches and wizards to take up arms against their purer brethren.” The lead Auror stated as he leveled his wand against the now amethyst haired man.

“You're accusing me of forcing that army to attack Hogwarts when plenty of people say Voldemort was there and in control of the army? I saved you from him and you're trying to pin his actions on me?” Harry asked with a raised voice.

His eyes were wide with red lines filling the whites of his eyes. He was furious. Nothing about the people changed.

“And Here I thought you pathetic, filthy, corrupt fools would've learned something by now. I wanted to mind my own business. You're the ones who sent people after me. You're the ones who placed a bounty on my head that made people seek me out. I simply wanted to mind my own business, but you wouldn't leave me be! You've been painting me as enemy this entire time. You want an enemy, fine, you've got one!” Harry shouted at the now nervous auror.

Harry's shouting had attracted the attention of the crowd around them. Harry glared at the aurors and took one look at Hermione. He sneered and vanished into a cloud of black smoke.

Hermione stood in shock. She's been happy, looking forward to being with her Harry again. The Ministry, the damned Ministry always made a mess of everything. She turned a glare on the aurors and vanished in a wave of heat.

Chapter 10: Villain

Hermione growled as she appeared in the shrieking shack. She'd been flash stepping around England for the past hour looking for Harry. He wasn't anywhere she'd figured he'd be and she couldn't track his magic anywhere. It was infuriating her and she could only imagine what Harry was doing to vent his anger.

"I hope you're not doing anything stupid Harry...please don't be serious about becoming the enemy they painted you out to be, please," Hermione whispered to herself as she paced inside the shack.

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Dumbledore was normally a kind and gentle man. People often said he had a grandfatherly aura. Those who really knew him though, they could tell stories of how terribly horrifying the man could be when angered enough. The people outside of the now recovering Hogwarts were witnesses to one of the few times Albus Dumbledore truly lost his temper. His magic was creating a strong pressure on the area around him and the air was growing misty as the old man's magic generated small amounts of water in the air, which happened to be the element his magic was attuned to.

"Were you given orders to arrest that boy by the head of your department?" Dumbledore asked the cowering Auror.

"No Headmaster. Our orders regarding the Potter boy was to avoid him at all costs unless he was harming innocents. Minister Bones figured that the only reason Potter was attacking anyone was because they were hunting him. Anyone he killed was a bounty hunter or a death eater. She figured he'd mind his own business if we left him alone." The lead Auror explained as he shuffled from foot to foot in front of the intimidating headmaster.

"How interesting," Albus said with an uncharacteristic snort "That's exactly what Harry said after you tried to arrest him. All he wanted was to be left alone, his actions even proved it! What did you think you were doing? Were you going to do what people far better than

you couldn't and capture him? Were you aiming at getting famous for arresting him?"

The Auror squad in question all had embarrassed looks on their faces at the questions and looked anywhere but at the old man. If the situation had been any less serious, people would have found it humorous how the old man could inspire fear in a squad of battle trained, if dumb, Aurors.

"My Lord, you did think you'd get get him and be famous? You must've been one of Cornelius' men. Next time listen to the Minister who has managed to stay alive and away from the bad side of Harry Potter. Fools, the lot of you." Dumbledore growled out as he turned away from the squad.

He was curious as his eyes found a wide eyed Hermione staring at the squad of Aurors.

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Hermione was walking back towards Hogwarts to try and see if the Headmaster or someone else could guess where Harry had gone. She had just approached where the Headmaster was when she noticed the squad of Aurors who had tried to arrest Harry. Then it clicked in her mind. Her eyes widened as the Headmaster turned around and met her eyes. She slapped herself in the head for her stupidity and turned to the Headmaster.

"The ministry! Harry's at the ministry, I don't know what he's doing but he's pissed." Hermione said as she flash stepped away.

Albus' eyes widened in surprise and quickly apparated, following Hermione to the location of the Ministry.

When he arrived into rubble and chaos he couldn't believe his eyes. The ministry was going to have a hard time covering this up, and Harry was definitely serious about his claim to becoming the enemy they said he was.

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Harry was standing on top of Big Ben and staring over London. His face expressed his fury, and his magic showed his rage. His aura was flowing around him and the dragon, again black colored, swirled around him. The size had grown to enormity as he let his anger flow through him. This obviously attracted the attention of every person who could see it, many of which thought they were suffering hallucinations.

'How dare they try to arrest me when I'm the one that stopped the one who was truly evil. I saved their lives and the lives of their children and siblings and they dare to try that? They have no idea who they're messing with!' Harry's thoughts raged as he stared around the city. A noise caught his attention and he turned around. The sight of a half dozen military helicopters made him raise an eyebrow.

"Just like people in the government. They see something they don't understand with power they can't control and they send out their men to kill it. Pathetic." Harry spat as he stared at the choppers.

As if to validate Harry's statement the choppers opened fire on him. The bullets all stopped three feet away from him, an almost solid wall of bullets. Harry frowned as he moved the bullets away so he could stare at the pilots inside the choppers.

"Both worlds seem to want me as an enemy. So be it." Harry said as he unleashed his power.

To the horror of the pilots in the choppers and the thousands watching, The clock tower Harry was on top of completely shattered all the way to the ground and it all fell down in a storm of rubble. Harry tilted his head towards the choppers and the wall of bullets flew off with such speed the generated a sonic boom and ripped through all the choppers. The spray of bullets caused them to explode and the wreckage to fall to the ground, crushing buildings and cars as they fell.

Harry stared down at the chaos and grinned. 'I'm rather good at being villainous' Harry thought as he stared around.

His eyes stopped at the location he knew to be the underground Ministry of Magic. He grinned as his memories pushed forward his

time going through the Headmaster's mind. The key to his ultimate goal lied inside the Department of Mysteries. He'd get that and unmask the Ministry from its hidden position.

"It's time London learns about its hidden residents." Harry said with a grin as he flew over to the entrance of the Ministry.

"Time to say hello to the muggles," Harry said with a grin.

His eyes glowed brightly as he let his magic flow into the ground and grasp the underground complex that made up the Ministry. He moved his hands down and bent his legs, closing his hands into fists as if he were grabbing onto something. He breathed out as his dragon blurred into a black mist that filled the area around him. He clenched his hands tightly and began to slowly lift them up. As his hands rose the earth shook violently and the sidewalk in front of him began cracking. The cracks quickly spread into the street as the complex began to surface. The buildings above the complex were lifted and destroyed, pushed out of the way as the underground complex rose. Harry grunted as the building began rising faster, the floors flying by quickly. Finally he got it all lifted and the ground beneath it filled he let his magic go and stood back with a grin.

The people in the streets who had ran in fear and confusion from the rising building were now watching in fascination as several people began appearing through the walls of the newly risen building and staring in shock at boy who had pulled it above ground.

A news crew from the BBC that had been filming the operation the helicopters had gone on, was now filming Harry as he pulled the Ministry of Magic from the ground. This was an event, an outing of the magical community, that wouldn't be obliterated from the witness' mind.

"Good Evening Minister Bones. I've come for something in the Department of Mysteries, and well this just seemed so much funner than just going underground to get it." Harry said with a laugh as the furious monocle wearing woman walked towards him.

"Do you have any idea what you've done?" Madame Bones asked furiously, ignoring the power of the person in front of her.

"Of course I do. I've somewhat outed the magical community in a way that won't be easily covered up. The magical world wanted to make an enemy out of me even though I just wanted to mind my own business. The small minded people in your ministry and community feared my power because I wasn't under the Ministry's thumb. They painted me as a villain, and now they're going to find out just how good a villain I can be. Voldemort was nothing. He was short-sighted and close-minded. I'm going to throw the world into chaos and see what happens. You should enjoy the show, it'll be fun." Harry said with a smile as he walked over to the wall.

"Why are you doing this? You defeated Voldemort and now you're going to be a villain?" Bones questioned as she watched the boy approach the wall.

Harry lifted his hand and pushed it towards the wall. An archway was blasted through the wall and continued in all the walls forming a path into the building and then up into floors above.

"I didn't initially plan on this Minister. I was going to enjoy being rid of that annoyance and the fact that you were smarter than your predecessor and were leaving me alone. It was when your Aurors accused me of planning the attack on Hogwarts and then tried to arrest me that made up my mind." Harry explained as he broke continued work on the path he was creating in the building.

"Harry stop this! You've done enough, but the world can't handle this exposure! You can't throw the world into chaos just because you're angry!" Hermione shouted after listening to Harry's explanation.

She was standing close to Harry and her hair was already deep red and her eyes a glowing fiery orange. She scowled as she saw his hair and eyes were violet again and his aura was black again.

"Hermione I'm not in the mood to listen to you. They treated you as badly as they did me, I don't know why you're defending them." Harry said with a frown as he turned to face her.

"I'm defending them because it's my responsibility with the power I have. I won't sink to their level, I'm not that petty. You need to stop this Harry." Hermione ordered as she took a step towards him.

“There are hardly any people in this world that deserve to be defended. They're all pathetic sheep and corrupted authority figures. I'm going to throw the world into chaos and let the strongest survive. Then I'll raise them up to form a society of true success and prosperity. One where people cherish life, not because of bloodlines or ability, but because they're simply able to have their life and live free.

This world is filled with wars over land, money, and religion. The crimes people commit make me sick. The lack of justice in the justice systems of the world is horrifying. I'm sick and tired of a world of sheep filled with fear and corrupted shepherds driving the human race, both magical and non-magical, into the ground. I'm going to raise a society that is unified and lacks the fallen morals of today. You should be joining me not defending them.”

Hermione frowned as Harry explained his goals. She couldn't argue against it. He had a lot of valid points, but it wasn't worth the terror he would bring.

“I'm not going to let you do that Harry. I admit the world has a lot of problems, but this isn't the way to fix it.” Hermione argued, her eyes narrowed and her jaw clenched.

“It's like the shepherd and the wandering sheep. The sheep wanders away, the shepherd tracks it down and brings it back. When the shepherd has the sheep back he breaks its legs. While the sheep recovers and its legs heal, the shepherd carries it everywhere and takes care of it. Once its legs are healed it won't wander away from the shepherd again. The human race has wandered away from the prosperous path. The people have become selfish and greedy. I'm going to give them a mouthful of true villainy. I'm going to break the world and then set its broken pieces back in their proper spots and take care of it as it heals. It'll become more than anyone could imagine. It's like when you break a bone. If it's set right and given time to heal then when it's healed it becomes stronger than it was before. So what if lives must be sacrificed. When I'm through with it, the world will be a beautiful and prosperous place.” Harry said, a wistful smile gracing his face.

Hermione felt her heart shatter as Harry spout off his views. Her Harry was long gone. This was the other half, the darker half. Harry's anger let it loose and now it was in full control again.

"I'm not going to let you do that Harry. It's what you would want me to do if you were in your right mind." Hermione said as she flared her aura and gathered her magic.

Harry scoffed as he looked at her with a raised eyebrow. Suddenly his expression turned vicious.

"You think you can stop me girl?" Harry spat out with disdain.

Hermione answered by flash stepping to him and slamming her fist into his face. Harry's body flipped backwards twice before slamming into the a piece of wall behind him that cracked on impact. She then let loose a stream of white fire from her hands that slammed into him and scorched everything it touched. Her attacks had dirt, dust, and smoke filling the air.

"I'm the only one who can." Hermione said as the smoke from the attacks cleared.

Harry stood there staring at her with his clothes burnt and tattered, but his body relatively unscathed. Suddenly he grinned and chuckled.

"You've got a long way to go to stop me girl."

Hermione gasped at the voice coming from directly behind her as the Harry she stared at vanished into mist. He moved faster than she could follow, faster than her flash steps. He left an afterimage solid enough to fool her powerful eyes.

She heard herself scream as something ripped through her stomach. She looked down to see a hand protruding from her stomach covered in blood and guts. She gasped as it was roughly ripped from her body.

"The other me isn't able to restrain me anymore girl. I have no ties to you. Get in my way again and I'll do a lot more damage. You can't even wake your beast, how can you possibly hope to challenge me?" Harry questioned as he kicked her body away.

Hermione felt disconnected from her body as she rolled across the ground. She wasn't feeling the pain from the injuries she had. She stared with unnatural sharpness as Dumbledore appeared and took in the horrifying scene. She watched as Harry calmly walked to the archway he created in the Ministry Building. He lifted his hand and after a few seconds she saw a large tome, probably a foot long and ten inches wide at two inches thick land in his hand. He looked at it and smiled before vanishing into black mist.

Hermione groaned as she felt herself reconnect with her body. The pain was intense but her magic was already healing her. She stood and gathered her little bit of strength. Staggering, she made her way to Dumbledore.

"I need training. Training with powerful people. I know I'm as strong as Harry, but I'm holding myself back. I need to break that barrier, whatever it is. I need to wake my beast to even have a hope of stopping him." Hermione breathed out as her magic rapidly repaired the damage her body had sustained.

Dumbledore nodded with hollow eyes.

"I know just the place and the person to train you." Dumbledore said.

He walked over to the Minister and sighed.

"This is a mess, but you're going to have to handle it. Miss Granger is the only I know of with a hope of stopping Harry before gets his plan underway. If she doesn't I have no doubt Harry will bring the human race to the brink of extinction. I have to handle her training so this will be up to you."

Amelia Bones sighed as he heard this. It was going to be a mess and a difficult few years following this. She nodded and turned away from the old man. She had orders to give to her people and Auror squad to put in Azkaban for Insubordination.

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Hermione sighed as she gathered her bags and exited her house. Her parents weren't happy with the situation, but they knew they

couldn't stop her. Hermione had always been loyal to Harry and she would do anything for him. Even if it meant killing him to save him from himself. If anyone was going to take his life it was her. His life was hers to take, and nobody else's. Though for her that was a last resort. She wanted to save him and fix the split in his mind.

The bushy haired girl walked to the end of her street with her bags to meet the old man who had been her Headmaster for the past five and a half years. He'd take her to where she'd be training to stop Harry. She was very curious about where she'd be. She smiled as she stopped in front of him.

"Ready to go?" He questioned.

She simply nodded in response. He reached out and grabbed her arm. With a soft crack and displacement of air they vanished from the street and appeared on a stone pathway.

Hermione looked around curiously. There were clouds everywhere. They were next to her, above her and she noticed as she turned around and looked down that she was on a platform of some kind and clouds were below her.

"Headmaster, where are we?" She asked weakly as she saw a break in the clouds and caught site of a large amount of land very far away. She had a flashback to cartoons that would paint the earth in different colored squares from the air.

"You are in a place few people know exists. The Castle in the Sky, an old magical legend that bled into the Asian muggle world. This is the home of Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel. You will be training with Perenelle. It's an unknown fact that she is one of the strongest class eight witches in the world and has been for a few hundred years. She could never quite crack the mystery of ascending to class nine.

She was the one responsible for stopping the Scarlet Witch time and again during her reign of terror. It wasn't as well known as Grindelwald, but was at the same time. She was much more subtle in her actions and the fights she was in always left few witnesses." Dumbledore explained as he and Hermione approached the large castle.

“Wow...” was all Hermione was able to come up with as she listened to the explanation and stared at the large and beautiful castle.

Suddenly the door they were heading towards opened and a man who looked to be in his mid forties exited and quickly walked towards them. He looked worried and was holding a folder.

“Albus we have a problem.” Nicolas said as he met the old man several feet away from the door to his castle.

“What is it Nicolas?” Albus asked with worry, if it was enough to worry a man who made his plans in decades and centuries instead of months and years then it was bad.

“Harry took the Last book of Atlantas, and after having gone through your mind he knows how to read it.”

The color left the Headmaster's face at the news and his legs grew weak. Ignoring the concerned questions of his old friend and his student his mind wandered to the damage that could be done with that book. Harry promised the world chaos, chaos he would indeed deliver.

---Closing Line---

That's all for book 1 folks. State tuned for book 2, The Gathering.